LANDFALL

A New Zealand Quarterly

RACE RELATIONS IN NEW ZEALAND
David P. Ausubel

STORIES
by Phillip Wilson and David Anderson

JOHN FEENEY AND THE NATIONAL FILM UNIT
Maurice Shadbolt

AUCKLAND FESTIVAL MUSIC
Ronald Tremain

and

Gordon Challis, E. H. McCormick, George Eiby, Alan Roddick, Gerald Hensley, N. C. Phillips, Desmond Mahoney, D. H. Monro, S. Musgrove, Margaret Dalziel, R. J. Harrison, J. M. Thomson, Alex. Campbell, J. G. A. Pocock, Colin McCahon

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Landfall

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VOLUME TWELVE NUMBER THREE SEPTEMBER 1958

Notes

THIS YEAR the N.Z.B.S. introduced two new monthly programmes in the form of radio magazines, one for poetry and one for prose, which are now broadcast over all YC stations. The poetry programme, edited by Alistair Campbell, began from 2YC in April. The prose programme, called 'Writing' and edited by R. T. Robertson, began in June; it includes new stories, extracts from books new and old, critical talks and reviews.

The N.Z.B.S. may now be tempted to claim that with its variety of good programmes it is catering as well as possible for the intelligent listener. A case might be made for this, up to a point; no one would deny that much excellent music, some good drama, and a number of interesting talks, may be heard on the air.

But the function of radio is not simply to provide passive entertainment, even of the best kind. Its function is also to stimulate, to inform by means of lively discussion, to put before listeners the clash of opinion on some of the urgent problems of the day and on proposed ways of dealing with them, in order that they, as citizens, may be encouraged, and helped, to form opinions of their own, and so to act. In a democratic society, citizens are called on to think about such problems, and to decide in broad terms their government's attitude to them. Since the press is failing to serve society adequately in this respect, broadcasting becomes increasingly important; it is part of its business to keep those problems before the public, and unless it is doing so, it cannot claim even to be providing adequate information (of which news bulletins are only the beginning). This is a function of education and active entertainment combined; it is one of the principal ways in which an adult, responsible society provides for its own continuous enlightenment and advance—and survival: for an ignorant society today has little chance of surviving. By its performance of this function above all a broadcasting service must be judged.

It is a function which the N.Z.B.S. seems hardly to be aware of. It is failing to inform, failing to stimulate, failing in this way to entertain. Writing in *Landfall* two years ago ('Controversy on the Air', September 1956), Lawrence Constable remarked that 'Something vital appears to be missing from New Zealand radio'. That vital something is more conspicuously missing each year. About most of the urgent problems and controversies of the day the N.Z.B.S. manages to tell us precious little. Does it think they do

not matter? Does it suppose that New Zealanders don't care? Or is it too frightened of controversy to risk plain speaking and a free exchange of opinion?

It is true that the speaker in 'Lookout' each Saturday evening is able to discuss the international news frankly; but this although welcome is one man's fleeting view of a good many large questions. To give 'Lookout' more variety and more impact, might it not take the form occasionally of a panel discussion on a single topical question? A hook-up to bring together speakers from two or more centres should not present unusual difficulty. Yet this would still be no more than one brief quarter of an hour in the week. It is true that the N.Z.B.S. did the country good service in broadcasting here soon after they were delivered in England Mr George Kennan's Reith Lectures on 'Russia, the atom, and the West'. But should this need comment as an exceptional service? And why was no use made of the opportunity to pursue some of the issues which Mr Kennan dealt with? Do they not concern us, except to hear about from a distance? Shall we too not have to make up our minds about them? Ought they not then to be debated in New Zealand?

It may be worth calling attention to a few topics among the many which the N.Z.B.S. generally avoids. Scientists, doctors, philosophers and theologians everywhere continue to express their fears of the dangerous consequences of continued atomic tests. Do the tests taking place near home, in Australia and the Pacific (not to mention those further afield), expose us and our children to increasing danger from atomic radiation? Our neighbours in Indonesia and Japan find this danger alarming, as President Sukarno for instance emphasized in his forceful open letter to the *New Statesman* of 28 June 1958, following the Russell-Krushchev-Dulles exchange; a letter which it would be a bad mistake to overlook. It might have been thought that the publication of a statement on this subject by a well-known New Zealand scientist[1] would prompt the N.Z.B.S. to open the subject for discussion. Short of atomic war itself, nuclear tests form the greatest danger that has yet faced mankind as a whole; not only, Dr Whittlestone warns us (echoing the warnings of many eminent scientists abroad), will they bring unimaginable suffering to future generations, through bone tumours, leucaemia, and the birth to us and our children and their children of an increasing percentage of monsters and enfeebled beings, but they are already threatening to upset the precarious balance of nature between man and the parasites. Is there any ground for

[1] W. G. Whittlestone. *Poisoned Atmosphere*. Auckland: New Zealand Peace Council. 6d.

warnings like this? Why is the N.Z.B.S. not informing us, through men qualified to speak on the subject?

Should it not be helping us to inform ourselves about such matters as the defence of New Zealand and the relevance of compulsory military training? The recognition of China? The complex question of immigration? The future supply of electric and other power? The introduction of television to this country and the kind of television service that will best answer our conditions and needs? Anyone who cares to search N.Z.B.S. programmes can extend the list.

It is no answer to say that these matters are discussed in parliament. They must be discussed outside parliament too: only in an informed electorate can parliament be effective: it needs educated opinion to follow it, to spur it on, to lead it. Mr T. P. Shand said pertinently in the House not long ago that 'everyone must take a greater interest in the government of the country'. One way of arousing such interest might be for the N.Z.B.S. to arrange for discussion by several speakers of the able and valuable annual reports of some of the departments of state, especially when reports are tabled but not discussed in the House. Those of the departments of Agriculture, Justice, External Affairs, and the Local Government Commission, for instance; to inform the public about some of the matters dealt with there would be an excellent means of taking government to the electorate, and bringing the electorate closer to the problems and difficulties of government. The N.Z.B.S. cannot pretend that it is hard to find speakers on matters like these. There are more than enough well-informed, independent-minded, articulate people in the country to supply all the programmes it can devise—that is, of course, unless too many of them have become untouchables, with their names down on that intriguing Black List which the N.Z.B.S. is rumoured to keep in its Hush-Hush Top Secret cupboard.

Is there any hope that we can expect the N.Z.B.S. as at present constituted to offer the public a more adequate service in years to come? It appears not. The N.Z.B.S. is a government department; it is answerable to parliament for every word spoken, for every note sounded; it must play safe; it must pretend that the formidable, challenging problems of the world today scarcely exist, or that if they do, they need not worry *us*. Ostrich policy—if policy is the word for it.

The only practicable change yet proposed is to establish the N.Z.B.S. as a public corporation, free from political control, on the lines of the B.B.C. There are officers of the service who would

welcome such a change. It should not pass the wit of *homo novo-zelandicus* to find means of bringing it about; and this needs to be done before TV is upon us.

Last month, Dr Nikolaus Pevsner gave his powerful support to those who have been urging the preservation of St Paul's Church, Wellington (see *Landfall*, March 1955). 'If ever there was a duty of a city to preserve one particular building,' Dr Pevsner said, 'it is here.' Before his visit, Wellington City Council refused a request from the National Historic Places Trust to reconsider the question: so much for the civic sense of a body which might have been expected to take pride in the city's past and its few architectural monuments. A deputation from the Trust then waited on the Prime Minister; no result yet.

If Dr Pevsner's plea is ineffective by itself, it is to be hoped that public opinion, its conscience stirred by him, will at last move strongly enough to save St Paul's. The attitude of the Anglican Church and its Archbishop in this matter has created a deplorable impression. If they have so little feeling for the history and traditions and architecture of the country, where is such feeling to take root and be nourished? It is ironical, as Dr Pevsner noted, that the Archbishop should head a local appeal for the preservation of famous university buildings at Oxford, yet apparently care not at all for a building which is of no less importance in his adopted country than any Oxford building is in England.

Since the days of Trollope and of Siegfried, observant visitors to this country have come dropping in from time to time like fresh breezes into a rather airless room. They have looked at New Zealand society from new angles; they have shown us things we did not see, things so familiar that we hadn't focussed on them properly, or else we didn't want to see them and had persuaded ourselves that they were unimportant.

Dr Ausubel has been doing us this service recently, in provoking us to think again about some of our educational problems. In an article in the present issue he surveys the question of Maori-pakeha relations, which has been his special study here. He comes with the great advantage of familiarity with the similar but graver question in his own country. If the parallels he draws help to illumine our situation for us, we shall be indebted to him and to the Fulbright Foundation which made his stay here possible.

PHILLIP WILSON

The Breaking Point

IT WAS more like a shed than a house, with its unpainted walls, the tiny window at one end, and its sagging rusty roof. The only distinction was in its huge coffin-shaped chimney made of corrugated iron sheets nailed together with a few wooden battens and erected against the rear wall. There was an old oil drum at one corner that was supposed to collect rain water, and empty bottles, coils of barbed wire, a broken axe and shovel, a dented pot lay about on the ground. Further off a three-wheeled pram stood in the shade of a cream stand or meat safe which was stuck on top of two twisted poles. Nothing could have been more desolate, out here in these barren bush-fired hills at the end of the clay road from the Caves.

She didn't know what she had really expected, but it had certainly not been as bad as this. She sat in the car looking at it with horror.

'But we can't live here,' she said to Jack. 'I'm sure it would drive me mad.'

'We can't afford to be choosy', he replied.

She sat and stared as if she was never going to be able to get out, as if her legs were paralysed below the knees. A kerosene lantern was suspended like a talisman from the cream stand, and beside it a gorse bush burned bright gold in the sun that fell down on everything in hard vertical rays. Her voice went up in pitch, she couldn't control it, and she shivered.

'It's absolutely ghastly', she screamed in an anguished piercing cry like the call of a sea bird.

'You'll get used to it,' he replied. His eyes became slightly glassy as they always did when she behaved in this way. 'I won't have anything to do except ride around the sheep once a day. And no rent to pay. Think what it means to us.'

'Oh, I don't mind the isolation,' she said, looking about at the green ranges that seemed to climb up into the horizon on all sides. 'It's not that. You know I like the country and the bush. But how can two people live together in one room like that? Not even any sanitation.'

'Well, let's go inside and have a look before we make up our minds.'

He got out onto the road and came round to her side and opened the door, but she refused to move.

'No, I won't go in there', she said, clasping her hands together on her knees.

He looked at her with real exasperation. 'Don't be an ass, Pip. Do you want me to drive all the way back to Waitomo without seeing it after we've come this far?'

'You go in,' she said, unclasping her hands. 'I'll wait here.'

'If I say it's all right, will you come?'

'I might.'

He turned obstinately away and unhooked the gate. She watched him walk across the bare ground. So fragile he looked, with his shoulders a little hunched now in defeat, shuffling along, small and thin and rather shabby. Yet she could remember when his wiry arms had seemed stronger than those of a man twice his size, when his sharp chin would tilt out in that aggressive colonial manner she so admired.

'You must admit the landscape here is really terrific', he had said while they were driving out through the hills and along the river flats. He had stared fanatically, eagerly about him at the trees, at the water sparkling over rocks in the creek beds, at the flowing rugged lines of the mountains.

'Of course', she had replied, trying to share his intense delight but feeling instead how inadequate she was to be his wife. It was all so new and no matter how hard she tried to understand, there was always so much that remained incomprehensible in what he did and thought. But she was improving. By putting her body at his disposal, for in the greatness of her love she could afford to be generous about such things, she had begun to learn a little about his mind. It was the old female quid pro quo, not the least valuable weapon women had in a world dominated by men.

Now he disappeared around the corner of the shack and she heard a clang when he flung the door open, as though it had banged against some other kitchen utensil lying on the floor. His feet sounded quite loud as he tramped over the boards, then his face showed murkily behind the window for an instant. He came back across the bare patch smiling broadly.

'It's great,' he called. 'You'll love it. Come and have a look.'

His warm enthusiasm reassured her, though she felt suspicious in case he was just putting it on. But now that he had broken the ice she couldn't resist her curiosity. She got out of the car.

'That's the girl,' he said. 'There's a wonderful old double bed, though that's about the only piece of furniture in the place.'

He put his arm around her as she came through the gate and led her coaxingly forward. His shoulders had resumed their backward slant and his feet were springing along the ground in the way she remembered. She could feel the vitality coming from his arm and body beside her like an electric charge. His eyes danced and gleamed with a reddish light.

'You'll love it all right', he said.

And strangely enough, now with his arm embracing her she thought that it might perhaps be endurable after all, that they would be able to live in it for a while at least. The cottage looked warm in the sunlight, and she realized the main thing was that he should be happy. Her own feelings were after all not so important. In her inexperience of this kind of life, on the frontier as he called it, she could only think that if others had put up with it then she, despite her tender sensibility, could also force herself to do the same. There was a real gaiety about him as he led her to the open door, and she felt timorous and innocent like a child. But it was as horrible as she had anticipated, the enormous fireplace filled with dirty ashes and blackened wire hooks suspended from a bar inside the chimney, the old tables and chairs, the apple boxes which served as cupboards, the tins, bottles and other junk left by the previous inhabitants, and above all the dirtiness of the bare floor.

'We will live like peasants', she said.

'Why not?' he replied cheerily. 'It has its virtues.'

'Not even electric light.'

'We'll be complete in ourselves. Just the two of us.'

'And your painting.'

'Of course. I'm sure I'll do some great work here.'

'Then that's all that matters.'

But she wasn't completely convinced. Would he find his long-sought happiness here in this remote savage and barbarous place of exile?

'If only I could be sure', she said.

'Ah, now it's you who doubts.' He looked at her with a little malice. 'That's my prerogative.'

'I don't understand. What about the sheep?'

'It will probably be the devil of a job at lambing time, with all these stumps and logs lying about on the hills. But a shepherd has plenty of time to think, at any rate. Once I get things organized it won't be too tough. I see a wonderful prospect ahead of us.'

'Then I suppose we will stay', she said.

He came right out of himself at that, whooped loudly like an

Indian, thumped the table with his fist and then grabbed her and kissed her lips.

'I knew you would do it, Pip.'

'I love you so much,' she said. 'Promise we will never part, that you will never go away and leave me.'

He kissed her again. 'I shall divorce you tomorrow', he said with his mocking laugh.

As they drove back he talked incessantly about what he would do, but she hardly listened. She had heard it all before. She smiled as she thought how easily she could make him happy. She had only to consent to his desires, whether it was her body he wanted, or her services as cook, scullion and hot water bottle on cold nights. This was her reward, these moments, because she belonged to him and he was able to do what he liked with her. She could never do too much for him. When he was happy she was content. It seemed such a small thing, but she had grown accustomed to the smallness of her rewards.

Some words he had just spoken suddenly caught her attention. She hadn't consciously taken them in, but her arms, back and legs had all at once gone quite cold. Whatever the phrase was he had used, it had frightened her.

'What did you say?'

'I said that of course we can't have any children.'

'Not for a few years.'

'No. I mean not ever. It would be too much of a handicap.'

'I will decide that', she said.

He looked at her with his eyes again gone expressionless, glassy. 'Have a heart, Pip. I was only joking.'

'You were not,' she said. 'You really meant it.'

'I'm sorry. I've upset you.'

'You are a selfish wretch,' she said. 'Take it back at once.'

'I take it back.'

'Oh, you know I can't help loving you. You know that in the end I will agree to whatever you say because I love you so much.'

'And you know I'd be lost without you,' he said 'We can't live apart from each other.'

'One day we might have to try', she shrieked in her plaintive sea-bird's cry.

'But not yet,' he said, laughing. 'Not yet.'

He was still trying to make a joke of it when to her it was of such fundamental importance.

'Wait at least until our honeymoon's over', he said.

'Say you love me', she said, bursting into tears.

'Of course I love you. You know I do', he replied.

'Then enough of this nonsense', she said angrily.

She wiped her tears away as the car rattled on around the endless dusty curves of the road. Why on earth had she married him? Her love for him sometimes seemed to be killing her. Yes, it was her tragedy that she couldn't help loving him, no matter how monstrous his behaviour might be by ordinary standards. The only thing, the only possible way, was to live for the day and extract each small pleasure of her own from the flower of his deeper enjoyment. And if that should ever fail her, cease permanently to be sufficient? Then she would have to leave him. She was afraid that in doing so she would hurt him too much and shatter his fragile self-confidence. Only last night, when he had woken up burning with hatred against the world which had rejected him, which refused so outrageously to believe there was any place for his strange talent, he had blindly turned expecting her to restore him with her warm affection. No. She hadn't enough courage, wasn't strong enough to leave him yet. But often, at times like these, she wondered if the day of final separation was really so very far away.

ALAN RODDICK

The Shell

STAND in the doorway of the shell: note
that spiral turret, built to bear
the emerald anger of the marching storm;
note too, the tunnel, contrapuntal
rhythm in amber light.

Enter, and climb the crooked stair
round the first turning. Reason predicts
no more before you than that same
passage, caught in contracting walls,
coiled in an endless maze, where only

echoes of the great winds, bewild red,
whisper together, huddled in their cell—
no more . . . . Not what imagination
conceives in that intricate caracole:
slow dawn, splintering into grey and crimson,
spent seas that topple on a broken shore.

(For this alone each day we climb the shell.)

DAVID ANDERSON

The Stuff of Life

ACROSS THE yellow monotony of the plain the red-gold hills of the Big Thumb lay in the last light of the sun. Closer to the camp, through the dust haze of the road, the plain was slashed by the naked gravel banks of the Fork Stream, and when the sun fell upon the water, spangles of light glistened through the dust. Looking from the tent lines, situated well back from the creek on the slopes of a hill, you could see the white road as it twisted by the camp and on towards the lake. About a mile away, as the crow flies, four bunches of dust sprouted from the road near the lake, as a convoy of Chevrolet trucks brought supplies to the camp. Immediately below, on the level area at the foot of the slopes, the cumbersome water-wagon slopped in through the main gate of the camp. Then a group of soldiers, without shirts and with towels wrapped round their necks, marched in file out of the gate and along the road to the swimming-pool, which had been bull-dozed out of the gravel of the Fork Stream, between the high banks.

Harry Bates marched to the side of the file as the corporal in charge. Once they were out of the gate and past the guard-house, he had the men march at ease. They scuffed their feet through the thick surface dust of the road, so that it rose in a cloud about their legs and lingered in the air about their faces. Harry gripped the two dangling ends of his towel and he kept his step long, to maintain the swinging pace of his men, who were sticky with sweat and eager to splash into the pool. The late afternoon sun bit

into the reddened skin of his back and he knew he had been burnt too much that day. Yet his feet were hotter than his body, especially the soles, that sweated inside his thick black boots and clammy socks. His feet stung with every step and squelched when he pressed them on the road. But everyone's feet would be sore. They had marched and manoeuvred a long way during the day, from eight o'clock in the morning. Harry could not remember having learned a great deal from it, except his being morbidly impressed by the sterility of the wide plains and their hot, rocky dry hills. The boredom and the barren, yellow, fissured land had strained him and depressed him with a feeling of loneliness. For he did not know how he stood with his men. He did not know whether they liked him or not. They obeyed him, but they gave nothing personal away. He thought that people like generals and colonels must be very lonely. He would not like to be a general. It must be a hell of a life. But if someone would only tell him of his worth as a man and as a leader. Not even Pukaki said anything to him and he was close to Pukaki. Perhaps, he thought, he did not know yet what to look for to understand his men.

At the point where the road swung sharply away from the Fork Stream and dipped into a hollow, the men suddenly broke formation and ran down the sloping back of the hill to the pool, jumping and leaping the larger stones as they ran, and twisting through the broken growth of matagauri that spread along the banks of the stream. Harry followed them and after fumbling in the hip-pocket of his Khaki Drill trousers, he took out a folded sheet of paper and began a roll-call.

'Number Two section. Lance-Corporal Pukaki?'

'Here my Corporal.'

'I see you.'

'You asked me.'

'Then forget that I asked you.'

Harry grinned at the heavy-featured brown face. The red eyes laughed back at him.

'You may for a bath, strip, Lance-Corporal.'

'Thank you, my Corporal.'

Pukaki bowed ridiculously low and slowly, with a sweeping gesture of his round arms and thick strong hands. Harry went through the roll, mentally checking each man.

'Burtinshaw? Private Burtinshaw? Hey, where the hell's Lightning?'

'He's not here,' Mickey Ford said. 'Bathing's 'gainst his religion. Lightning don't bath, Corporal.'

'He'd get too wet, you know that Corporal. He just stinks and stinks and we live with him. We'll have to wash him ourselves, eh Mickey?'

Harry looked at Doyle.

'Is he on C.B.? Cookhouse?'

'Oh no,' Doyle said, 'he's up with Rover at the big game. He just don't bath at all. He just goes round stinking.'

Harry noticed how Doyle turned his head and winked at Mickey.

'OK, OK,' Harry brushed off their remarks. 'Dismiss.'

They climbed out of their Khaki Drill trousers and their underpants, stripping naked to prance on the dry, beaten earth, then smacking their thighs and stomachs, they tossed themselves, belly-flopping and splashing into the water. Harry stripped and stretched when he was naked, extending all his limbs to enjoy the pleasant, sensual feeling that flowed through his body. Already, with the sun not even set, he felt the chilling wind that sprang up each evening straight off the snow-bound mountains gust over him. Close to him, Pukaki stood with a large, hirsute behind to the setting sun, tramping his feet and contemplating the water.

Harry stood on the edge of the pool, hesitating before he dived in. It was tough Lightning being like that, because he was only about sixteen bob in the pound. Sure, he was fit for military service, but he was as mad as a bloody snake and the boys made the most of it. Lightning couldn't even understand the stuff of life that they took for granted. Harry watched them now, Doyle with his spindle-shanks, flicking water into his face, and Mickey Ford splashing it over Doyle with his hands and feet. Some of the soldiers swam the short length of the pool then back again, with their eyes closed and arms circulating wildly as they threshed the water to keep themselves warm and keep afloat. Others stretched to wash beneath their arms, then over their stomachs and between their legs where the sweat had stung. Patches of soap scum floated and bubbled on the surface and idled like water-lilies in the slow current to the outlet of the pool. When they had finished washing, the soldiers sat on the rocks at the edge, forcing soapy fingers through the gaps between their toes, spreading and sluicing them in the water. Harry was held by their uninhibited ardour, but he began to feel the cold and pitched himself from the edge, going high in the air to crash on the sluggish surface of the pool.

The cold water seized the breath from his body and he bounced his feet on the stones at the bottom, gasping and spluttering as the water streamed from his hair and over his face. Pukaki had followed him in and came up beside him, flicking black, curled hair from

his face and breast-stroking the water. Then Pukaki tossed his body about and turned up his behind in curling beneath the water to stand on his hands. Harry floated on his back, paddling with his hands underwater near his hips, and looked down at himself, where he lay strangely buoyant and loose on the surface. He felt good lying there, held up by the water, feeling it soak the stinging heat from his body. He was alone, yet about him were the other soldiers, cock-fighting and washing themselves and splashing each other as they broke away from the discipline and the routine and compulsion. He was floating gently and alone there, looking at the paling blue sky with its streaks of pink cloud, when he felt a hand push on his chest and force him unexpectedly beneath the water. He rose again, spluttering, to see Pukaki swimming away from him with a virile, rolling action. Harry set after Pukaki but he could not catch him before the Maori was out on the bank, and scuttling to the ledge above the pool.

Pukaki stood with his legs apart, his brown body glistening in the last glow of the sun. He stood far above Harry, like a brown god, with big thighs bulging out, rounding almost into his calves and with his flat stomach and his beautiful chest smudged black with long straight hair. He stood with hands on hips, laughing like a brown child as he stretched his body backward, and the deep laughter rolled from him in his delight of stretching himself naked and clean and warm after the cold water. Harry, still floating on his back, yelled up to the Maori.

'Hey Hori boy, what you got there?'

'Listen baby, that's the pride of the camp. You never seen one like this my Corporal, eh?'

'Yeh, it makes you look like a grandfather clock', Harry abused him.

'Don't you get out till I'm dressed boy. I hate to put you to any shame.'

'It wouldn't be fair Pukak. I feel all frizzed up.'

Harry swung his body over and dog-paddled to the bank, as the chill of the water became uncomfortable. He dragged himself to the stones and ran awkwardly up the slope to Pukaki, who was pulling on his trousers.

'Jesus, it's cold', Harry pronounced. He picked up his towel. 'I don't know Pukak, but I'm worried about Lightning. They'll do him. I'm certain he won't get out of here without them doing him over.'

'It's no need for you to worry boy. He stinks, and sure boy, they'll do him over. It's been there a while, I seen it all over them.

But you keep out of worryin'. If they do him over, that's all to it.'

'But it can't be right Pukak. They just can't do him in cold blood. There must be some other way to go about it.'

'The boys will make up their own minds and nobody will stop them. You worry too much about other people boy. Forget it like I say. Lightning's just no good.'

'But I can't see it being right. He's human Pukak. You know people pretty well, and he's human.'

But Pukaki did not look at him.

Harry flicked his towel over his shoulders and rubbed it furiously down his back. The towel felt wet and gritty as it burnt over the red skin on his back, but it brought a deep warmth through his body, to his stomach and legs and feet. He stood by himself for a moment, fingering into his nose as he looked down on the dark grey water of the pool. A hush had fallen over the plain as dusk brought the mountains closer. It was a cold and desolate quiet of space and distance and loneliness, chilling the settling darkness. The pool was quite still, only murmuring through the gravel of its outlet. The soldiers' heads were silhouetted against the hard sky and each tousled head of hair was like a clump of wild grass. They walked slowly up the slope of the hill, towards the road and into the dark night.

They sang as they returned to the camp, with their voices eager and spontaneous, adding new words to the worn out grooves of the tunes that floated among them. The songs were broken by outbursts of wild laughter and the scrunch of boots in the loose gravel. It was like listening to children, Harry thought. There was something careless in their use of words, yet the words were those of men, spattered with filth and suggestive of the ways of men. The company of men his own age had its full measure of happiness, there must be little else in the world to better the union of dirty jokes and sordid reminiscences that came out when the body was tired and the mind was prepared to accept any situation for what it was. It was a full feeling, but without love and without hatred, far from women and neckties and creases in trousers and radios and theatres and hot city streets. There was lust in every statement and the earth in every word. A man could make a joke of his shame and secrets and he was able to laugh at his frustrations and bitterness. You were too far from it all to worry.

They turned into the company parade ground where Harry dismissed them. He and Pukaki wandered through the lines to their tent in the back row, near the ablutions. From inside the tent came the sound of voices arguing and bickering, aggressive, harsh voices,

husky and brashly assertive with each voice trying to dominate the others. Pukaki lifted the flap of the tent and motioned Harry inside. Harry looked at the five soldiers squatting in the centre of the tent. Their skin was ruddy-brown in the light of the kerosene lamp. Rover was there, and McMillan and Lightning and a couple of others whom Harry did not know, but one of them he had seen at Gore station on the way to camp. Rover's loose body slopped heavily between his knees and in his hand he juggled two white dice, rattling them together as he weaved his hand like a cobra's head over a crown and anchor board. He looked at Harry and Pukaki, with his thin, mobile features soft and hotly embarrassed.

'Hi Harry, Pukak, got money for a toss?'

Harry hung his towel carelessly over a string line.

'Don't play with him,' said the soldier next to Rover. It was the soldier Harry had seen at Gore. He was heavily built, with thick hands and short, spatulate fingers. 'This game he runs is crooked. He just chiselled a quid outa me.'

'Listen Dakes, you lost that toss fair and square,' Rover said to him. Rover turned to the others. 'Was the toss a good toss? Was I cheatin' him? Eh? Lightning, you saw the toss?'

They all looked at the heavy oval face with its wide, unnecessary stupid smile. Lightning laughed at them, fidgeting his big feet on the floor of the tent, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. He looked at each one of the soldiers in turn, giggling and licking his tongue round his thin white lips.

'You saw the toss Lightning?' Rover asked him again.

'Yeh, oh yeh, Jesus yeh, I seen the toss Rover, I seen it. It was your toss Rover, and I seen it.'

He nodded his head up and down at Rover, and his eyes were lit with the accuracy of his observation. His whole body was taut with his childish sincerity to Rover, as he puzzled for his next words and waited expectantly for praise, for having seen the toss.

Rover smiled at Lightning and turned to the soldier beside him.

'You see Dakes, Lightning's got two quid at stake, yet he says it was my toss. Now isn't that fair? You had two whole quid at stake, didn't you Lightning?'

'Oh no Rover, no. I don't gamble sergeant, I don't gamble. You heard me say it Rover? To the sergeant man? You heard me.'

He threw back his head and laughed, loudly and strongly like a child, slapping his knee with his open hand. Rover bent over and held Lightning by the ankle.

'Now Lightning, you're just having us on. But you fooled that sergeant real well.' Rover laughed with Lightning, then looked

seriously at him. 'You know that I need you to see I don't cheat when I run the school, Lightning.' He spoke warmly and calmly, fixing his eyes upon the grinning, puerile face.

Lightning gazed at him with shallow, vague and happy eyes.

'Rover? Tomorrow, Jesus yeh, tomorrow, will you reckon to run me round all day in your Landrover? Eh Rover? Please?'

Rover turned to Harry and winked his eye. Then he spoke to Lightning in the same voice again, quietly and persuasively.

'Sure Lightning, tomorrow, all over the place, even right round to Mount Cook boy. Good eh? Good drive in the Landrover?'

'Sure, sure Rover, I like it like that Rover, peanuts and ice-cream and driving all round the place. Jesus, it's good in the army with you Rover. They were all bastards in Burnham Rover, they treated me real hard but I like it here with you and . . . with Harry and the Maori feller and . . . .'

The others were caught momentarily in the silence of Lightning's suppressed enthusiasm. Harry felt that what Rover was saying was too good to last until the next day. He did not like the way Rover buttered the poor fool up. There was something menacing in Rover's soft voice, and he did not like it. But the red-faced Dakes lunged forward violently.

' Listen Rover, you're a liar. You bull up this dumb-bum and you lie about the toss. I tossed black for a six an' four an' two is six.'

'Dakes, this dice rolled a three and the other a two. Three and two come to five Dakes. Where did you learn to count, for God's sake? You heard Lightning. He said she was my toss.'

'Rover, I don't take the word of that mad bastard. Not the way you got him bulled up. You cheated.'

'Yeh, it was six all right', said the other soldier Harry did not know.

'For Christ's sake break it down,' McMillan pleaded, 'we're losing time. I want another toss.' He threw two pound notes on the board.

Harry looked down upon them all.

'For running an illegal bloody game you jokers are making a hell of a racket. Keep it quiet a bit, will you?'

'Do you want a toss this time Harry?'

'Don't play with the bloody twister', Dakes said to Harry.

'Where you two from?' Harry asked Dakes and his friend.

'B Company. We just come over for a game—Corporal', Dakes said.

'Dakes and Jerry are all right Harry,' Rover reassured him, 'they are all right boy. Good friends of mine. We were in Burnham, same

intake in Burnham. They pass with me Harry.'

'Can't say I like the way you treat your guests, Rover.'

'No, really, Dakes and Jerry are all right. Dakes just gets a bit hot in the head sometimes. But he's all right. Dakes likes a game now and then. A lot of the boys do, Harry, now and then.'

Harry looked into Rover's eyes. They were deep and brown and widely set in his face, yet in spite of their depth they were shallow and played around in quick flashes like darting lights when you looked into them. His mouth held a soft quiver when you looked hard at him. Rover could never hold his eyes on you for very long. Harry did not trust him, for beside the weakness in Rover's eyes, a cruel, cynical cunning lay there. Sure, Rover was nice enough when you had a bit of rank on your arm, but the way he talked to Lightning—he was keeping Lightning there for something, as if he were wanting his confidence . . . nobody else spoke that way to Lightning . . . .

'For God's sake keep this stuff out of sight,' Harry suddenly toed a whisky bottle that lay on the floor in the centre of the tent. 'If you get caught with this stuff you'll go for a skate properly.'

'Harry,' Rover said to him, 'Harry, have a whisky. Here, pour one for Pukak too. Use my glass. It's clean. Lightning, give me your glass. There's water in my bottle Harry. Just go on and help yourself to the whisky.'

'No thanks Rover, it's all yours. I don't touch it in here. I don't like throwing up the regulations.' After he had spoken, Harry felt very pious. It wasn't the regulations really, but what he liked to call common sense.

Rover looked up at him and a sudden gleam of suspicion passed through his eyes, but it dissolved into puzzled vagueness. Rover laughed.

'But Harry, it's all right. The sergeant's been round. He come round maybe half an hour ago.' His voice rang derisively as he tried to make little of Harry's fear.

'I just don't like it in here,' Harry said to him.

'What's he talkin'?' Dakes broke from a trance into the conversation. He stood up, fully six feet, and looped his thumbs beneath the waistband of his stained trousers. 'In B Company, the corporals drink whisky, don't they Jerry?'

Jerry stood by Dakes, shorter than Dakes, but wide through the shoulders. He sighed heavily, but his face mocked Harry.

'Oh yeh, they do Dakes, they drink it all night.'

'Sit down Dakes,' Rover grabbed at his leg. 'Sit down boy. Harry's all right Dakes. He won't tell no one. We're safe as hell with Harry.'

Harry looked hard at Rover, questioning the whole face and the eyes. Rover was pretty scared Dakes would break out a fight. He was trying to keep Dakes from Harry, as if a fight would spoil something for him.

'I'm not telling anyone,' Harry said, 'but I think you bastards are stupid. And this is my tent.'

'And your hard-earned bloody stripes', Dakes coughed at him.

He looked at Harry and his mouth moved slightly and his eyes fixed with hate on Harry's face. Harry could read Dakes's invitation and his stomach flapped quickly. He measured Dakes slowly. He looked too good, there was too much strength in the sloppy body and the thick heavy arms had too long a reach. He said nothing, but played time out, staring back into Dakes's eyes. The kerosene lamp flickered violently and quick black shadows shuddered round the tent walls as someone came in behind them. Harry did not take his eyes from Dakes, but he felt that two or maybe three people had come into the tent. They did not speak, but stood in the silence that was moved only by Dakes's heavy breathing. Harry saw Rover gesture to the others, nodding his head at them to keep them from speaking, but ready for something. And Harry knew he had to make a move, to prevent it from happening. He looked hard at Dakes.

'I don't think you're welcome any more Dakes. Not here.'

'Oh, you don't?'

'No Dakes. I reckon B Company must run a better game if that's what you're here for, and anyway, its corporals booze. Rover doesn't take this game seriously. Do you Rover? Dakes, you and Jerry be good boys and run home now.'

'Christ, I'll tear them bloody stripes off you feller . . . .'

'No Dakes, don't . . . .'

Rover flung himself round Dakes's knees and the two of them rolled over a camp stretcher with their limbs tangled and threshing and jerking for strength. The stretcher tipped over and lay buckled and flattened on the two heaving bodies.

'Christ, my bed', McMillan yelled.

Harry dropped his hands. He was sweating profusely as his head spun with the fear that Dakes would hit him. He had fought before, many times, but always there was the taut, nervous expectancy as his body waited for the first punch that would pain him. He felt a deep relief creep through him, and he blinked his eyes to shake the dizziness from his head. Then soldiers were pushing by him, as they struggled and yelled in the centre of the tent. The camp stretchers were tipped over and the uniforms and towels

and shirts hanging to the poles were flung down and trampled on the floor. Harry tried to move but he tripped over a kitbag lying on the floor behind him. He jarred his back when he fell and his head smacked against a rifle. And from where he lay, looking up at the soldiers, Harry realized that it was the night they had planned to do Lightning over. He couldn't get near the fool to help him. They were tearing like dogs round Lightning, whose eyes glinted with horror. Ford and Doyle and McMillan hoisted him from the ground while Rover and Dakes stripped off his shirt and trousers, tearing the clothing in shreds from his body. They locked his arms behind his back and clamped his legs together, to prevent him from wriggling loose. The darkness was shot with torch flashes and the wavering heavy orange glow of kerosene lamps. Then out of the loud yelling and arrogant shouting of the soldiers' voices, came the isolated yelps and screams of Lightning's fear.

They had him outside the tent, holding him up in the air with their hands and shoulders as they bullocked him towards the ablutions. Harry crawled from the tent with his head hanging between his arms. He shook his head and forced himself to his feet. Then he felt Pukaki's hot panting breath on his face and the strong arms round him, holding him back.

'Don't go Harry. Keep off baby, they mean to do it and you ain't going to stop them', Pukaki pleaded with him.

'The poor, poor, bastard,' Harry sobbed, 'the poor stinking filthy bastard. He wouldn't hurt a fly. What are they doing it for? Why are they doing this to him?'

'It's their justice baby, like I said to you. They got a right to live with clean men. Somebody's gone to the M.O. with crabs, somebody out of his tent. Nobody's going to stop them baby. You keep away Harry, don't you go there the way you think.' Pukaki spoke quickly and persuasively, tightening his grip on Harry's arms.

'But they'll knock him about Pukak. They just don't stop when they get worked up over a thing like this. I've seen it before. Didn't you see his eyes? Christ. He don't know any better. There was sheer hell in his eyes. He just doesn't know like other people. It's like kicking a dog round. A dog don't know any better. Lightning doesn't understand.'

Harry leaned heavily on Pukaki's shoulder, panting and gasping out his words. As Pukaki relaxed his grip, Harry pushed him, locking his foot behind the Maori's leg. Then he ran towards the ablutions.

'Harry baby, I tell you, don't go there', Pukaki screamed to him.

But Harry was blind with the rage that seethed through him.

He saw the lights dabbing round the interior of the shower-house and heard the strong hissing sound of the showers. The laughing and yelling and screaming boomed into his ears, and above the confusion rang Lightning's pained animal cries. It was like an animal bellowing when the fear of death and the smell of death are strong in the air. Some of the soldiers dashed from the shower-house, dodging the spray of water from the showers. Harry came to the door. Steam poured like smoke from the interior and the din and heat that hit him made him feel useless. But he forced his way through the wriggling, squirming bodies of the soldiers who had come for a closer look and a laugh. Then he saw Lightning.

The poor bastard, Harry thought to himself. Lightning was threshing on the concrete floor, trying to ward off the brooms and mops that were jabbed at his long, thin naked body. About six soldiers surrounded him, forcing him flat on the floor with the brooms and rubbing his body with the mops. They poked at him viciously, squaring the broom-heads over the moving parts of his body and heaved their weight on the brooms until he had deep impressions on his skin. They kicked at his body with their heavy black boots, squeezing the toes of their boots into the soft parts and against his ribs. Someone threw a packet of soap powder over him, in a thick, white dusty shower that effervesced and clotted when the hot water played on it. Then the soldiers with the mops lunged at him, prodding and swishing with the dirty flapping heads of the mops. Lightning's hair was plastered flat on his head and the water streamed over his face and into his eyes and the heat made his body red and accentuated the swollen blue welts made by the brooms. He lay on his back, like a cast sheep, jerking his arms and legs with futile, awkward sweeps, but there were too many for him. His struggles and his pitiful wailing were sickening. When he looked at Lightning, Harry felt his stomach curdle and heave up, as if he could not contain the sickness that tortured him. He scarcely noticed the hot spray of water that drenched him and burnt on his skin. He lunged into the shower-cubicle and stood over Lightning.

'For Christ's sake stop it,' he screamed, flailing his arms to keep the others away from Lightning. 'D'ya want to kill him? Is this your bloody justice? He's had enough, you see that? For God's sake lay off him.'

The soldiers looked at Harry, momentarily halted as he grappled at the wooden handles of the mops and brooms, jerking them to the floor, trying to break the handles, trying to smash them to pieces on the floor. He felt the shower crashing its dead heat on

his head and back as he tried to protect the prone figure beneath him. But they moved at him, and he could not stop them. Someone grabbed his shirt and he was flung against the wall of the cubicle. He bounced from the wall as his shoulder hit on it, but as he came back, he felt the rock-hard bone of a fist thump into the side of his face. The punch jarred his head back and he felt a sudden twist in his neck. He was startled by the punch and in the bewildered moment before the haze came, he saw the sneering, ugly eyes of Dakes lining him up for a second punch.

'For you Corporal, from the B Company boys', Dakes wheezed at him.

Harry stumbled against Dakes and clung to him. Dakes spun him round and it was then that Harry saw a broom handle slide between Lightning's legs and smack him beneath his testicles. Lightning stiffened abruptly, then curled up tight, his knees hard against his chest. He did not move again, but lay there with a trickle of vomit oozing from his mouth. Harry turned violently from Lightning. A heavy, clamping darkness closed round his head. He tried to hold himself up against the wall, fighting desperately against the paralyzing weakness that seeped through his body. But he felt himself sliding down the wall, gently and with his strength gone and knowing that he could not hold himself up. Then the hissing of the shower ceased and he felt the hard concrete crush against his nose.

Harry struggled with his legs to help the hands that tugged at his body. Then the gurgling of the running water sloshing down the drain broke loudly into his head.

'Harry boy? You hear me? Come on now, get up baby. You all right Harry?'

Pukaki dragged Harry to his feet, gently yet firmly, supporting him against the wall of the cubicle. Harry shook his head and opened his eyes. Above him, the steam floated in heavy wisps from the cubicle into the cold night air, that sent a chill trembling through him. With Pukaki was the Orderly Officer. The officer stood with his legs apart and his hands were spread over his hips. His stomach was thrust casually forward and in the light of the lamp that Pukaki held, the officer's prematurely balding head shone ruddy-brown and glistened wth a thin coat of sweat. He was looking at the prone body lying on the floor of the cubicle. Then he looked at Harry.

'You shouldn't have tried to stop them you know Corporal. It was no place for an N.C.O. to interfere.' The officer's voice was husky, but relaxed, with a touch of amusement in it.

'But they were giving him hell, Sir, he didn't do anything.' Harry gasped his words, speaking quickly as he panted.

'I know Corporal, I know.' The officer smiled quietly at Harry's protest. 'The soldiers have their ways of doing things. Come on you two, give us a hand to get him up.'

The three of them, the officer, Harry and Pukaki, bent over Lightning and slid their hands beneath the greasy, wet body. As they lifted Lightning, the pain he was suffering twisted his face.

'Easy, easy,' the officer said, 'I think he's feeling a bit sore.'

As they tipped Lightning gently to his feet, Harry glanced at the officer's face. It had turned red with his exertion, but a slight smile played round the lips, as if the whole incident would make a good story in the Officers' Mess. They held Lightning from behind. His head lay heavily on his left shoulder, then after lolling forward loosely, it suddenly jerked back. Lightning had his eyes open and in them was a gleaming mad hatred. He stared viciously at Harry, then flung himself forward, fuddling his fingers round Harry's throat.

'Watch him Corporal. Your turn to clonk him', the officer laughed.

Harry threw up his hands and pushed Lightning from him. The naked body slumped with a choking gasp of frenzy to the floor of the cubicle.

'Well, he doesn't seem to recognize you, Corporal,' the officer said. 'You should have kept well away. I tell you, the soldiers have their ways of doing things. You'll find that out with experience.' He turned slightly side on and looked across at Harry. 'You understand what I mean Corporal? In a big show you wouldn't get medals for fighting against your own men.'

Harry did not look at him. 'Yes Sir, I understand.'

He looked down at Lightning, at the heaving chest and the slobbering mumbling lips. A chain of mucus had slipped from Lightning's nose and dribbled over his mouth. Suddenly, Harry hated Lightning and he felt sick as he looked at the mucus and at Lightning's thin, bony body.

The officer turned again and looked at Lightning.

'I thought they'd get him eventually,' he said sagaciously. 'He just couldn't last long the way he was, not in an army camp like this. It probably serves the poor dirty bastard right anyway. Better see that he gets to bed Corporal.'

The officer adjusted his hat, pulling the peak over his eyes, and whistled as he walked from the shower-house.

GORDON CHALLIS

The Man of Glass

YOUR least and lightest movement may be critical—
Not only chip your limbs and leave bright shards
But bring bang down your dazzling tower too,
Cascading like piano keys sprung loose,
Peeled off their cobs of octaves scales or chords.

The brittle crystal structure of your silicon,
If shattered, lacks that green organic knack
Of carbon which can give and grow again:
However deft your step a stone may slip;
In bracing for the fall a bone may crack.

There is no wool nor wave will cradle your fragility;
The kindest eyes, like flux of aluminium,
Look safe yet have their flashpoint, oxidize
To ash with acrid taste of alkali.
There is no way of sealing all the million

Crevices that daylight makes more evident.
By night you are both captain of your soul
And lighthouse-keeper too, at home with danger,
Refracting feeling into pure hues of thought,
Masking those million fissures still to seal.

Yet you allow no brother-keeper's company
For you admit no brother, who by dint
Of thicker skin might ward off chance collisions
(Though hedgehogs dead on distant roads at night
Are never really killed by accident).

And so I do not fear for you, your clumsiness,
As much as that the heat of my hand may,
No matter how well-meaning on your shoulder,
Disrupt the crystals, gripping tufts of splinters,
Whilst making you, in my own image, clay.

MAURICE SHADBOLT

John Feeney and the National Film Unit

THEIR audiences may be small, but the names and achievement of Eric Lee-Johnson and Frank Sargeson, in their respective fields, do not go without recognition in New Zealand. There is irony, therefore, in the fact that the name of a vigorous creative artist, whose achievement in his own field has been comparable, and whose remarkable work has captured the attention of mass audiences and critics here and overseas, should remain so little known in this country. And all the more sad, then, that he should have chosen, like so many of his colleagues before him, to seek his future overseas.

The case of John Feeney is an interesting one. A young man now in his thirties, he joined the staff of the New Zealand National Film Unit in 1947. In the cutting-room and behind cameramen in the field, he learned the craft of film-making well. It is, perhaps, important to remember that his training and development owe nothing to any overseas studio; he was a product of that period in the Unit's history which saw the emergence of a certain maturity—following the hesitancies and early fumblings of the now-defunct *Weekly Review*—which was exemplified in such films as Margaret Thompson's *Railway Worker*, Cecil Holmes's *The Coaster*, and Michael Forlong's *Journey for Three*. Doubtless Feeney learned much from such co-workers; but his work, when it came, was to be distinctly and stylistically his own. And his work, when its place in the Unit's history is considered, can be taken as the fullest fruit and justification of that enterprise shown when the Unit was formed under producer Stanhope Andrews in 1940 by the then Labour Government.

It is also perhaps important to remember that Feeney's work cannot be considered in isolation from the New Zealand literary mainstream. In his use of myth and symbol, and his exploration of the strange New Zealand landscape, his work is close in mood and feeling to, for example, the mysticism expressed in the essays of Holcroft, or the poetry of Brasch. All the more strange, it would

seem, that his work should for so long have evaded critical recognition.

There are, of course, reasons for it. Chief among them is the brute fact that, since about 1950, no credits have appeared on Unit films. Another is that regrettably few New Zealanders seem to see Unit films, for reasons many and various (indeed there is still a seemingly widespread impression that the Unit was shut down in 1950, when the last issue of *Weekly Review* appeared). A third is that there has been a lack of intelligent and informed criticism in this country. (How else explain the fact that one *Landfall* reviewer quite seriously assured us that the cameraman was the star of the short documentary film? Ignoring the fact that almost all documentary films are remembered firstly for the names of their directors: e.g., Grierson's *The Drifters*, Harry Watt's *North Sea*, Basil Wright's *Song of Ceylon*.)

But to give *Landfall* its due, it was in these pages (in an article by P. J. Downey published in December, 1955) that John Feeney's name, as director of *Legend of the Wanganui River*, *Kotuku*, *Pumicelands*, and *Hot Earth*, first appeared. But by that time Feeney had left the country.

After five years with the Unit, a good technical knowledge at his command, a number of competent but relatively unimportant short films behind him, Feeney was secure in his place as a junior director. At this stage he could have been quite easily buried under what Mr Downey in his article called 'picture postcard' tourist films and 'trivia for the monthly Pictorial Parade'. It is to the credit of the Unit's new producers, Geoffrey Scott and Cyril Morton (Stanhope Andrews had left the Unit in 1950) that Feeney was given a chance to develop his talent further in an individual direction. He asked for and received permission to make a film based on Maori legend. The result was the splendid *Legend of the Wanganui River*, an artistic and popular success.

The legend itself, the story of how Mount Taranaki departed after a quarrel from her sister mountains in the centre of the North Island, is well known. From this apparently thin material Feeney created a quiet idyll along the Wanganui River. Nothing much happens in the film; we are told the legend, in sound and image, in a slow quiet opening sequence which explodes into brief violence with the argument of the mountains. We see how the river took shape as a result (in a sequence that faintly echoes Paré Lorentz's *The River*) and then we follow two latter-day Maoris downstream in an old dug-out canoe. Eventually the changing patterns of light and shadow on water give way to the harsh greys of the port of

Wanganui. The river runs sluggishly to the sea, past talking winches and rattling chains, and the film ends. Nothing much has happened; yet we have had a magnificent visual experience.

Poetically conceived and simply shaped, the *Legend* was like nothing the Unit had made before. It argued nothing; explained little. We remember silver water dripping from a rock, a canoe oar gently scrabbling bush-reflecting water, a scribbled wake on a sunlit river, sunlight sprinkling through overhead trees, wool bales tumbling from a lonely Maori shearing shed, a small launch puttering through a steep, rocky-walled gorge; simple things that formed a delicate, coherent whole. The landscape is observed with delight and fascination. The commentary, well written, has quiet, unobtrusive moments of drama. The sound is carefully selected—birdsong along the river, hissing rapids, and the mechanical sounds of the port—and particularly effective. But its content, in actual fact, was no different from that of a number of tourist films made by the Unit; the difference was one of style and imagination. Feeney, one could say, used a myth and made a poem.

After the *Legend*, which won recognition overseas at such places as the Edinburgh Festival (it received an award there) he completed three major films before he left New Zealand in 1954.

The first of these, *Kotuku*, easily the most popular though probably the least of his four films, was in the mood of the *Legend*. It told the story of the rare white heron which, in summer, inhabits the swamps, mists, drowned forests and quiet lagoons beneath the Alps in lower Westland. Again Maori legend—this one tells us we are fortunate to see the Kotuku once in a lifetime—is used to great effect. Humans intrude little here: there is the solitary ranger netting whitebait, watching the arrival of the herons, and writing his report to the city. Scientists arrive to observe and photograph the herons; but their place in the film is negligible. The story belongs to the Kotuku, its cycle of mating and birth; but little scientific detail appears in the commentary. The photography, by Randall Beattie, is excellent; and Feeney, editing his material with great care, made a simple and pleasing film. One could, however, at this stage perhaps justifiably wonder whether Feeney would be able to turn from his world of myth to the solid fact of modern New Zealand life. One could observe certain stylistic infatuations emerging, amounting almost to obsessions: the patterns of light on water, for example, which delight Feeney so much.

But speculation on whether a brilliant style would turn empty would, in view of Feeney's next film, be entirely profitless. This film, *Pumicelands*, is without doubt the best film to come from

the Unit; it is, in every respect, a masterly piece of work. Mr Downey discussed it at some length in his article, so I shall not dwell on it here. It tells the story of the breaking in of the central plateau of the North Island, which until recently was considered land arid and impossible for agriculture. Feeney tells the story in the grand manner; as a story of hope and faith and despair, of man's defeat, striving, and eventual victory over the land. The film could quite easily, like so many Unit films dealing self-consciously with government subjects, have been impossibly pretentious, and even clumsy; but Feeney's treatment—now quiet and soft, now loud and clear—makes it, like his two earlier films, a thing of poetry. It is the work of a patient craftsman and a mature artist. Something should be said here too of the cameraman, Dick Crone, whose contribution to the film was immense; his compositions, together with Feeney's subtle direction, helped make a documentary unrivalled in this country; a film unforgettable and extremely moving.

His last film before leaving the Unit, *Hot Earth*, is set in the same area of country. In colour, and in black and white, the Rotorua area has, not unnaturally, long been a favourite subject of film-makers; and most of the films, letting the subject speak for itself and attempting little artistic involvement with the scene, have been unoriginal, uninspiring, and bad. Feeney had little to learn from these muddled affairs; and he has made the one film that deals with the subject adequately. It is, in some ways, a hybrid of his two best films, *Legend* and *Pumicelands*; and, though not quite as successful as either, has, in many of its sequences, some of his most vivid work. It begins in the now-familiar Feeney manner, with legend. This time the legend is enacted for us, with Maori actors. This is entirely successful, as is the slow, factual account, when the mood of the film changes, of the development of the earth's crust from restless, boiling energy to dead mountain and crater, and flowering land. Here the story, rightly, loses its particularly New Zealand significance, and becomes something universal in tone and theme, the story of the birth of the world, told with brilliant image and sound. Then, unaccountably, Feeney loses his usual firm control on his material, partly because he lets scientific fact run away with him. But fortunately for us he retrieves himself and climaxes the film with a virtuoso display of editing, a two-minute montage of boiling mud, roaring geysers, hissing fumeroles and bubbling water which ends on a note of awe at 'the fire no man has lighted'.

These four films, then, stand as a substantial body of achievement.

In 1954 John Feeney left the Unit, with intention of returning.

He travelled to France, on a bursary, to study at the College of Cinematography in Paris. He broke his journey in Canada where the Unit had made an arrangement for him to look over the working of the Canadian National Film Board, and, for a short time, to work with the Board. There, where his four films had been well received, he was given a film to make for television on Canada's nuclear research project at Chalk River. This film, *Hidden Power*, though nowhere approaching the quality of his New Zealand films, was more than competently made, dealt simply with a difficult film subject, and showed an intelligent understanding of the newer film techniques required for television; it is not without significance that Feeney received, for the first time in his life, a directorial credit on this film. It was shown, together with *Hot Earth* and *Pumice-lands*, at the Edinburgh Festival in 1955. (An interesting sequel to this is that Feeney's work so impressed East European film-makers that they later invited him to both Rumania and Czechoslovakia, and asked his advice on many questions.)

On arriving in France later than he expected, but much richer in knowledge, he found to his surprise that, because of his delay in Canada, he had lost part of his bursary. At the same time he heard from New Zealand that he had not, after all, received an expected promotion within the Unit. His position there might have been high in terms of achievement; but it was incredibly low in terms of grading and salary. The blame for this must be placed fairly and squarely on the Public Service system which governs the operation of the Unit; and not so much on the Unit itself.

It was not altogether surprising, then, that when the Canadian National Film Board, which had been quick to recognize Feeney's ability, offered him a post at three times his existing salary, he should accept it. Leaving aside personal elements which may have influenced his decision, the Canadian proposition was certainly attractive. The Film Board—set up, like the Unit, with the advice of John Grierson—has a long and continuing tradition of liberality in film-making, regardless of political climate; and a policy of stimulating and encouraging a variety of talent. Its products range from the daring novelties of the eccentric Norman McLaren to such charming and original human documentaries as *Frontier College* and *Musician in the Family*. For Feeney, making films in New Zealand had, in too many ways, been thankless; yet, at the same time, he wished for nothing more than to continue making films about his own country. But the issue, now, had almost become one of principle: he went to Canada.

His dilemma is still unresolved. John Feeney is now a well-paid

director, working in conditions congenial to his talent, with the Canadian National Film Board; he is also a New Zealander who would rather make films about New Zealand than Canada. This is not to say, of course, that his Canadian films will not be successful; but he is certainly finding difficulty in adapting himself to the Canadian scene. It is, in this case, something more than a simple crossing of cultural barriers. That spirit of a country and feeling for the land which finds expression primarily in literature is a forceful element in New Zealand culture (and in Australian) and is a necessity for a film-maker like Feeney, whose first need is to attune himself to the mood of the landscape. (If Feeney's own films owe something to a background of New Zealand literature, so do Australian films like *Back of Beyond* and *Three In One* to Australian literature.) In Canada he finds a landscape raw and vast, barely touched by art, where the film-maker must precede the poet in examining the face of the land. For a Canadian it must be difficult; for a New Zealander, with Feeney's background, the problem is immense. But the real tragedy of the matter is that, while he is solving this problem, New Zealand is forgotten. How long will it be, we may rightly ask, before he makes films about his own country again? Which is, of course, what he wants to do.

Feeney's case is important in its own right; he is a brilliant product of the most fruitful period in New Zealand documentary film-making. His loss must be a matter of concern for all those who care about creative endeavour in New Zealand. But his case is also typical. Cecil Holmes is now making Australian films (his most recent work, *Three In One*, has been on New Zealand commercial release, and received praise at the Edinburgh and Karlovy Vary film festivals). Michael Forlong has been making Norwegian films (he has a film titled *Suicide Mission*—based on David Howarth's book *The Shetland Bus*—on world release), and is now a director with Ealing studios in England. Many lesser-known and developing talents have also exported themselves in the past six years. Such fine cameramen as Randall Beattie, Brian Brake and Dick Crone have taken their leave of the Unit (Beattie and Brake are overseas, but Crone remains in New Zealand). The list is long and disquieting.

Even more disquieting is the steady dwindling of the Unit's worthwhile films. Since 1954, with the release of Feeney's last three films and the two beautiful colour films *Snows of Aorangi* and *The Snowline is their Boundary* (both of which owed their success to the photographic genius of Brian Brake, who is now busy proving himself of world rank as a still photographer), nothing of

exceptional merit has come from the Unit. There have been such clumsy and pretentious pieces as *Skyway South* and such orthodox tourist films as *Portrait of Southland*. In most cases direction has been adequate, editing efficient, photography competent, and imagination little in evidence. Some of the work, within limits, has been of more than usual sincerity (Bob Lapresle's one-reel *Our Town*, for example, or James Harris's half-reel *Inventor in the Mackenzie Country*). But, on the whole, one looks in vain for the direction of a Holmes, Forlong, or Feeney; or for the photography of a Brake, Crone, or Beattie.

Is there an answer? Previous writers have seen the dead hand of the Tourist and Publicity Department pressing on much of the Unit's work; and they are right to do so. But they have underestimated the Public Service system of salaries and promotion which, if it has any validity at all, certainly has none within an organization like the National Film Unit, where talent must be rewarded or it will be lured overseas.

The only clear answer, one which has rung no chord of response from the government in the past, is that the Unit be freed from direct political control, freed from its unfortunate tie with the Tourist and Publicity Department, and be placed, like its Canadian counterpart, under board control as a public corporation, like the B.B.C. The purpose would be twofold. On the one hand to establish a more liberal, tolerant atmosphere in which creative talent might be nurtured and flourish; and, on the other, to escape the Public Service governing system, and find a system where reward might be commensurate with achievement. Only in this way, it has been argued, can stability be attained within the Unit; and the deadly drift overseas be stopped.

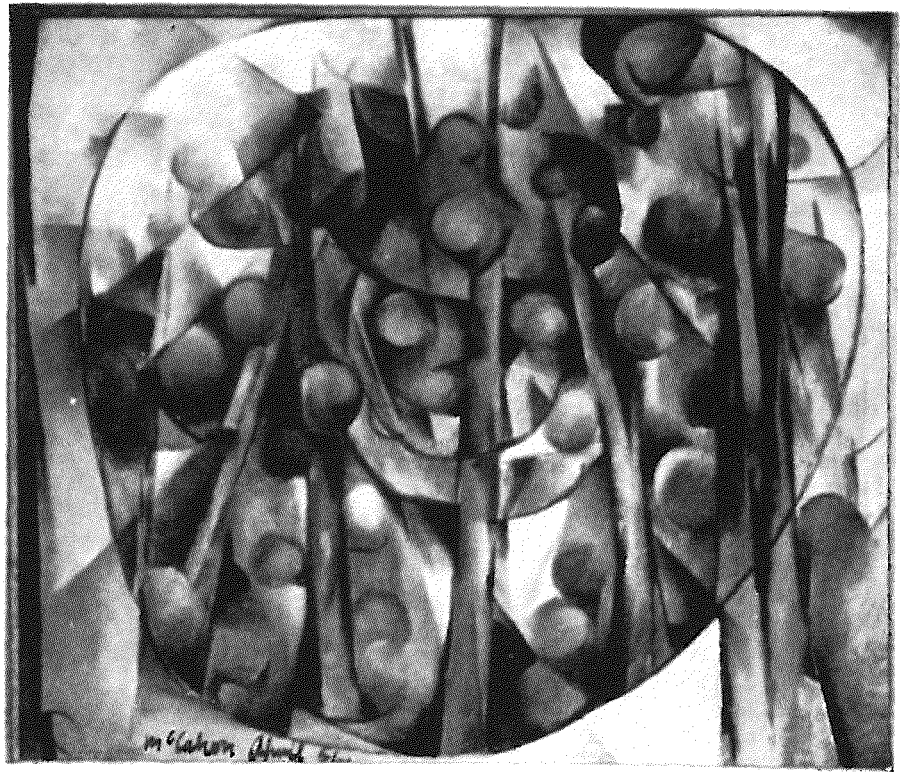
But it has not been my intention, in these notes, to find an answer; it is simply a brief attempt to underline the tragic (and I believe that adjective is not too strong) situation which happens to exist in the field of government film-making at the present time; and to draw attention to the sadly unrecognized work of a fine young artist. One can, of course, indulge in that mental masturbation Faulkner calls hope; but the case of John Feeney would cause anyone despair.

Note. The two stills illustrating Mr Shadbolt's article are reproduced by courtesy of the National Film Unit. This does not imply any association with Mr Shadbolt's views on the part of the Unit, which had not seen his article. Editor.

HAMLET, produced by Ngaio Marsh for Canterbury University Drama Society. Hamlet (Elric Hooper) and Polonius (Bernard Kearns).

KOTUKU. N.Z. National Film Unit.

LEGEND OF THE WANGANUI RIVER. N.Z. National Film Unit.



30in. x 34½in.

COLIN McCAHON, Kauri Trees. *Oil, 1954*

DAVID P. AUSUBEL

Race Relations in New Zealand

Maori & Pakeha: an American View

THE MOST striking impression an American receives of race relations in New Zealand is that although they are generally much better than in the United States, they are not nearly as good as they are made out to be. The visitor is reminded time and again that the Maori enjoys complete equality with the European; that there is no colour bar and no racial prejudice or discrimination in New Zealand; that there are Maori doctors, mayors, bishops and cabinet ministers; and that the Maori is judged on his merits as an individual —if he behaves as a European, he is treated as one. Unfortunately, however, this is only half the story and a rather euphemistic interpretation of the other half. The visitor who stays long enough to talk informally to persons unconnected with the guided pathways and especially to pakehas married to Maoris, receives quite different impressions. After living for eight months in New Zealand, studying relations between Maori and pakeha, and interviewing approximately one hundred and fifty persons in all walks of life, mostly in the North Island, I soon began to wonder how New Zealanders are capable of subscribing to such an unwarrantedly sanguine view of the racial situation in this country.

Part of the answer to this question, of course, is that many people are not really aware of the actual state of race relations in New Zealand. Many live in areas where there are few or no Maori residents. Others live in districts where Maoris and pakehas inhabit separate social worlds and seldom if ever interact. In some instances, too, Europeans and Maoris do live on a plane of near equality and therefore find it difficult to imagine that their experience and attitudes are not representative of the population at large. In other cases, however, the unpleasant facts are clearly visible to anyone who really wishes to see them; but some people prefer to close their eyes or to believe what they wish to believe rather than the evidence of their senses.

What does a New Zealander really mean when he says that there is no colour bar in this country? Apparently he means that Maoris and Europeans are equal in the eyes of the law; that Maoris can vote and hold public office; that Maori children can attend the same state schools as Europeans; that Maoris are not legally barred from hotels, barber shops, restaurants, public conveyances and places of amusement; and that any qualified Maori can legally practice any trade or profession open to a European. With one eye focussed on South Africa and the other on the southern states of America he probably also means that in New Zealand there are no race riots, no lynchings, no Klu Klux Klans, and no Little Rocks. All of these manifestations of legal equality constitute impressive evidence of progress in mankind's struggle against bigotry and intolerance. But racial equality means more than equality before the law. Negroes in many northern communities of the United States also enjoy all of these same legal rights and privileges, but few Americans would be rash enough to assert that because of this no colour bar exists in the northern states of their country. *Racial equality is as much a state of mind as it is a state of law.* It largely inheres in the extra-legal attitudes and conduct of people. There is true racial equality, for example, when the employer hires the man best qualified for the job irrespective of the colour of his skin; when the landlord rents a vacant room, flat or house to the first suitable person, white or brown, answering his advertisement; and when people are willing to accept into their homes and judge individuals of another race on exactly the same terms as they would members of their own race. These conditions prevail neither in the northern states of America nor in New Zealand.

To prevent any misunderstanding let me emphasize again what I said earlier. The actual racial situation in New Zealand is not bad; it is much better than in the United States or for that matter in most parts of the world. Hence it is not the realities he sees that make a poor impression on the American visitor; he is in fact accustomed to much worse in his own country. What does disturb him is the almost universal and uncritical acceptance of this unvalidated national belief regarding racial equality and the reluctance of New Zealanders to look unpalatable facts in the face. We Americans have little to brag about when it comes to race relations. But most of my countrymen do not deny the existence of a colour bar in the United States. They either defend it as desirable or are ashamed of it, deplore it, and openly join other persons of good

will in trying to eradicate it. As in New Zealand, those who shout the loudest about equality of racial opportunity tend in general to manifest the most colour prejudice.

Race Relations Versus Cultural Relations

A point that needs some clarification is my use of the phrase 'race relations'. I should first point out that I am using the term, 'race', loosely as it is popularly understood and not as scientifically defined by physical anthropologists who, incidentally, do not recognize the existence of pure human races. In any case the expression 'race relations' is more applicable to the situation prevailing in the United States where Negroes constitute a racial minority rather than an identifiable cultural group. The Negroes, of course, originally belonged to various distinctive cultural aggregations in Africa; but in as much as they were forcibly deported to America as slaves prior to our civil war, they were never able to establish much of their indigenous culture in the United States. In New Zealand, on the other hand, the Maoris are a cultural as well as a racial minority. Hence it is important to bear in mind that when I use the term, 'race relations', in the New Zealand context, I am also referring to the interplay between a European and a partially Europeanized Polynesian culture.

This is more than a mere academic distinction. It explains in part the quite different significance attached to segregation in our two countries. In America, since Negroes have no appreciable cultural heritage to preserve, they disapprove of segregation under any conditions, rightly regarding it as a flagrantly degrading form of discrimination. In New Zealand, however, much of the pressure for segregation comes from the Maori people themselves as a means of retaining their cultural identity. Now there is nothing objectionable about this latter type of segregation. If a cultural minority wishes to segregate itself in certain ways it undoubtedly has the right to do so in a democratic society. The type of segregation in New Zealand to which the Maori takes violent exception is that which the European majority imposes on him against his will.

But although it is important to remember that the problem of race relations in New Zealand also includes the problem of cultural relations, the crucial role of skin colour in determining the distinctive quality of Maori-pakeha relations cannot be ignored. The problem of relations between Maori and pakeha is not quite the same problem as relations between the native-born New Zealander of British ancestry and recent Dutch or Polish immigrants who

also constitute cultural minorities. I stress this point because many discussions of race relations in this country tend to avoid any mention of colour difference—almost as if New Zealanders were totally oblivious of skin colour. Nevertheless, after discussing the problem with a large number of both Maoris and pakehas, I am greatly impressed with the prominence of colour consciousness in the pakeha's mental and emotional image of the Maori and in the Maori's mental and emotional image of himself. In addition to possessing many emotionally laden values and connotations reflecting on self-esteem and esteem for others, the difference in skin colour has come to symbolize all of the social, economic and cultural differences at present separating the two peoples. If skin colour had no social significance in this country, half-castes would be regarded as half-caste Europeans just as frequently as they are regarded as half-caste Maoris. As in America, however, persons of mixed racial ancestry are almost invariably classed as members of the darker and socially less prestigeful group.

Evidence of a Colour Bar in New Zealand

The grounds for believing that a colour bar exists in New Zealand are precisely the same as those for believing that a colour bar prevails in many rural and semi-urban areas in the northern states of America. In these latter areas, segregation is *expressly outlawed,* not only not legally sanctioned. Negroes attend the same schools as whites, freely use all public facilities and modes of transport, and enjoy all of the safeguards afforded by statutory and common law. Nevertheless a colour bar still operates by virtue of prejudiced attitudes and discriminatory practices that either circumvent or obviously transcend the ordinary scope of legal sanctions. The same is true in New Zealand.

Prejudiced Attitudes. Let us first examine some widely prevalent attitudes about Maoris that flourish in this counry. First, the almost universal stereotype of the Maori is that of a lazy, shiftless, unreliable, improvident and happy-go-lucky human being. As is true of most stereotypes this too probably contains some small kernel of truth; but it obviously does *not* apply to all or even most Maoris and just as obviously applies to many Europeans. Hence, as typically employed by pakehas it operates greatly to the disadvantage of the Maori people. The individual Maori is not judged on his merits but is prejudged on the basis of the stereotype. The burden of proof is on him—to prove that he is not guilty of these attributes. The European, on the other hand, until proven otherwise, is presumed

to possess all of the conventional virtues. Under these circumstances if two strangers, one Maori and one European, apply for a job or a vacant house it is a foregone conclusion who will be successful. A simple corollary of this attitude among pakehas is the tendency to generalize the misbehaviour of an individual Maori to the entire race but to restrict comparable misbehaviour on the part of a pakeha to the particular guilty person. When William Smith runs foul of the law, nothing is ever said about 'irresponsible and lawless' European elements. But let Wiremu Smith get into the same predicament and he is 'just another one of those b . . . dy Maoris' and more often than not his racial membership is cited in a newspaper account of his misdemeanour. Many employers and hotel proprietors have told me that they refuse to hire or provide accommodation for Maoris because of previous sad experience with unreliable or rowdy members of the race; but although they readily admit having had similar unfavourable encounters with Europeans, it never enters their minds to apply the same logic to Europeans.

Second, it is quite fashionable for pakehas to make patronizing remarks about Maoris—to point out how well suited they are to sport, warfare, road work, tractor driving, shearing and freezing, and then to imply that any other type of work involving sustained effort, initiative or intellectual ability is beyond their capacity. Sometimes they make parenthetical reference to Sir James Carroll and Sir Peter Buck as exceptions to the general rule but hasten to add that the latter naturally had considerable white blood in their veins. This attitude, of course, is part and parcel of the racist doctrine that the current limitations and shortcomings of coloured peoples throughout the world are a reflection of their inherent moral and intellectual inferiority rather than of transitory difficulties in adjusting to the demands of an essentially alien civilization. Thus, there is much disposition to condemn and disparage but little inclination to understand the origins of many of the problems the Maori people are facing today. Despite the ready availability of much authoritative literature on Maori culture in pre-pakeha times and in the early days of European settlement, relatively few New Zealanders are aware of the fact that the Maori of old was an extremely industrious and enterprising worker who placed great value on initiative, foresight, executive ability and craftsmanship; that he responded with great vigour and enthusiasm to the initial stimulus of exposure to European implements and methods of production; and that much of the apathy and demoralization which crept into Maori affairs in subsequent years was a reflection of the breakdown in the traditional modes of social and

economic organization and in familiar ways of achieving status, as well as of disillusionment in European culture following the so-called Maori wars. It is much more convenient for a prejudiced pakeha to attribute all of these difficulties to such traits as indolence and irresponsibility which the Polynesian supposedly inherits in much the same manner as his brown skin colour.

Similar notions about inherited racial inferiority underlie many of the European's negative feelings regarding intermarriage as well as the often expressed but quite unfounded opinion of many teachers and government officials that there is little point in spending money on the education or housing of Maoris since they 'invariably go back to the mat'. Also in much the same racist vein is the sickening frequency with which many pakehas patronizingly refer to the Maori as a 'noble, intelligent and superior native race'. Quite apart from the gratuitous use of the term 'native', this statement implies that the Maori is inherently more noble and intelligent than other non-European peoples with even darker skins. I am still taken aback when apparently well-educated New Zealanders confidently tell me that although the Maori does not measure up to European standards of intelligence he is obviously superior to the American Negro.

A third type of intolerant pakeha attitude lies behind the apparent willingness in many quarters to accept the Maori as long as but *only* as long as he conforms completely to European values and standards. This view, of course, assumes that our way of life is axiomatically superior to his in all respects, and that, therefore, the Maori has only two alternatives—to undergo complete assimilation or to return to his former stone age culture. But is this necessarily so? Does the Maori have to accept all of the evils of our civilization in order to enjoy some of its blessings? By what divine sanction are greed, selfishness, and relentless personal ambition more worthwhile goals than generosity, hospitality and concern for the common good?

Still a fourth type of undesirable racial attitude commonly found in New Zealand is one of complete and utter indifference to the welfare of the Maori people. Many persons with whom I raise the problem frankly state that they couldn't care less and express amazement that any sensible person would give Maoris a second thought. The sentiments inspiring such an attitude speak for themselves; further comment would be superfluous.

Discriminatory Practices. The prevalence of many extra-legal discriminatory practices—in such fields as housing, hotel accommodation, employment, credit, and ordinary social interaction—

adds further support to the argument that a colour bar is operative in New Zealand. These discriminatory practices increase the adjustive difficulties of the Maori people which, in turn, reinforce the negative aspects of the stereotype.

Apart from state housing Maoris experience considerable difficulty in many urban areas in renting decent flats and houses freely available to Europeans. The general pattern is to find Maoris living in the slummiest and most run-down sections of town. When they apply for a flat in a better neighbourhood the landlord suddenly remembers that he rented it just five minutes ago and hence has not had the time to remove the vacancy notice. Maori apprentices and university students report the same type of experience when they seek board in the principal centres. Discriminatory practices with respect to hotel accommodation are similarly encountered much more frequently than is commonly believed; in many districts of New Zealand they represent the norm rather than the exception. It is also common knowledge in some towns that Maoris are required to sit in segregated parts of cinemas and are not welcome in and hence do not patronize certain restaurants, pubs and dance halls. Although there is only one district in the North Island, Pukekohe,[1] where school segregation is practised, it is not uncommon for pakeha mothers elsewhere to deplore the fact that their children must travel to school on the same bus with Maori youngsters and to instruct their children not to play with Maori school-mates. Maori newly-weds also frequently discover to their dismay that notices in home furnishing shop windows about the availability of easy credit terms, do not necessarily apply to them.

Employment is another major area in which discriminatory practices prevail. At the level of unskilled labour there are few problems. Maoris, in fact, are preferred for many rough or dangerous jobs that Europeans shy away from. Similarly at the professional level the relatively few Maoris who have university qualifications experience little difficulty in finding suitable employment. The real problem lies in the skilled trades, offices, shops and banks. Here the position is that many employers consider a Maori applicant only if no European is available. In recent years it has been much easier to find apprenticeships for Maori boys in the principal centres, but with the number of vacancies decreasing and the large crop of pakeha war babies now reaching apprentice-

[1] In 1952 the Department of Education established a special Maori school at Pukekohe, where a primary school taking children of both races was already in existence. This was contrary to all settled policy, but the Department while deploring the matter felt unable to resist strong local pressure.

ship age, the situation is becoming tighter. In some smaller centres also the position with respect to placing apprentices always has been and still is grim.

Finally, I turn to the sphere of ordinary social relationships, for it is here that any claim regarding racial equality meets its acid test. If a European is really sincere in claiming that character, ability and conduct are the only criteria he uses in judging the worth of his fellow men, he will unhesitatingly invite a Maori who satisfies these criteria to his home and will also welcome him as a prospective brother-in-law should that situation arise. This, however, is not the characteristic pattern of inter-racial social relations in New Zealand. At a working class level and also in some professional and intellectual circles there is a limited amount of unrestricted social interaction; but more typically, social contact between the two peoples is limited to such formal situations as church and rugby. Even the European who enjoys a friendly glass of beer downtown with a Maori office-mate tends to hesitate long and hard before he invites him home for dinner. Admittedly, much of this lack of social intercourse is a function of social class or occupational differences. Nevertheless, even when these factors are held constant, social interaction is much more limited than is the case when the individuals involved differ only in cultural origin but not in skin colour. It is also important to bear in mind that Maoris, like most minority groups, quite understandably tend to be hypersensitive about any possibility of discriminatory treatment and to attribute to racial prejudice much pakeha behaviour that is merely thoughtless or based on personal likes and dislikes. Appreciation of this fact, however, should not blind us to the existence of many genuine instances of racial discrimination.

Some Europeans I have met try to justify social discrimination against Maoris by pointing out that pakehas are not always welcome at Maori gatherings, that Maoris tend to seek each other's company in mixed social groups, and that anti-pakeha sentiments are not unknown among the Maori people. Unfortunately there is some truth to these charges, but hardly enough to justify the existing state of affairs. In the first place, the basis of most Maori clannishness is uncertainty about what to expect from Europeans as well as fear of being rebuffed by them. Secondly, Maori unfriendliness and antagonism toward Europeans tend to be the exception rather than the rule in New Zealand. And lastly, counter-chauvinism, although not more commendable or constructive than chauvinism, is somewhat more excusable. When any racial or cultural minority is discriminated against or made to feel socially

inferior, it is hardly surprising that some individuals amongst that minority should react by asserting their own superiority or by rejecting in the same arbitrary and indiscriminate fashion all members of the majority group, the innocent and the guilty alike.

What I said about ordinary home visiting applies even more emphatically to the question of intermarriage. The official circular dispensed to the tourist trade asserts that there is 'no social stigma attached to Maori-pakeha marriages in New Zealand'. In my experience this is not the case. The surest way of eliciting the most violent type of anti-Maori prejudice from an ordinarily mild-mannered pakeha is to raise the subject of intermarriage. He will either tell you that it is a sin against the laws of God, man, and nature or will claim that negative community attitudes and racial differences in standards of behaviour invariably preclude success in mixed marriages. It does no good to remind him that only a few moments ago he claimed that those Maoris who behave like Europeans are accepted as such. Observation of several real-life situations involving the possibility or actual occurrence of intermarriage confirms my impression that Maori-pakeha marriages are not generally approved of by most New Zealanders. In many districts European girls who date Maori boys must not only contend with bitter opposition from their parents and relatives but must also put up with offensive insinuations from neighbours and contemporaries.

Literal-minded Concepts of Equality

Many pakehas assert that if the Maori desires social and economic equality with the European, he must be prepared to compete with him on equal terms and to renounce all claims for special benefits and privileges. This in my opinion is an ultimate rather than a currently realistic or desirable goal. Only a rigid and literal-minded concept of racial equality would require that Maoris and pakehas receive exactly the same privileges. Should a parent make the same demands on a younger as on an older child just to avoid the charge of favouritism? The Maori people in general are for perfectly legitimate reasons less well adjusted than Europeans to the requirements of western civilization and hence require greater help and guidance from the government. Is social inferiority and second-class citizenship an equitable price to pay for such assistance?

This does not mean that New Zealanders must adopt a highly sentimental and romantic pro-Maori attitude rooted in guilt feelings about past injustices. The proponents of this approach tend to have

quite vague ideas about Maori life and affairs but to advocate on principle a policy of special privileges, relaxation of standards, and the preservation of traditional customs as an end in itself. It is much more defensible to base the idea of special assistance upon hard-headed appreciation of the realities of the situation than on vague, sentimental notions, and to direct it toward helping the Maori help himself in improving his living and other standards than toward continued dependence on outright subsidies and more lenient criteria of achievement.

National and Regional Differences in Race Relations

In characterizing the prevailing pattern of race relations in New Zealand, I have pointed out that Maori-pakeha relations in this country are much better than Negro-white relations in the southern states of America and in most metropolitan areas of the northern states, but are approximately the same as in many rural and semi-urban areas of the American North. It would be instructive at this point to seek some reasons for these national and regional differences. Why is it that race relations in New Zealand tend to be generally better than in the United States?

In the first place it is quite understandable that a nation would have higher regard for and treat more equally defeated competitors than a people who were formerly their slaves and then forcibly emancipated by their political enemies. Secondly, the Negro in contemporary America competes more actively with whites than the Maori does with the European. In a former period, however, when conditions of economic rivalry were more comparable, the racial situation in New Zealand was hardly more favourable than in the United States. Every school child knows that back in the 1850s when the European coveted Maori land he was much less benevolently disposed toward the Maori people than he is today. In fact the attitude of the early settlers toward the Maori people was not distinguishably different from that of the contemporary American advocate of white supremacy.[2] In those days despite the Treaty of Waitangi, Maori lands were often unfairly alienated and Maoris were heavily taxed but denied representation in the National Assembly. Anti-Maori sentiment first subsided when the main cause of the friction—the land—passed into the hands of the Europeans. As soon as the Maoris lost the bulk of their land (sixty-one of their original sixty-six million acres) and became a small

[2] See Keith Sinclair, *The Origins of the Maori Wars*, New Zealand University Press, 1957.

and rapidly diminishing minority, withdrawn on their pas and largely isolated from contact with their European neighbours, the pakeha could easily afford to adopt a magnanimous and somewhat sentimental attitude toward his erstwhile foes.

The factor of competition also accounts for present-day regional differences in the quality of race relations, both in New Zealand and in the United States. Race relations are better in rural and semi-urban areas in America where relatively few Negroes have entered the labour market than in large metropolitan areas. They are also better in those East Coast and Bay of Plenty districts in which Maoris are prosperous farmers than in Northland, Auckland city and some provincial centres where Maoris live less off the land and are more dependent on wages for a livelihood. Lastly, paralleling the factor of competition is the factor of relative numbers. Negroes generally constitute a much larger minority group in the United States than Maoris do in New Zealand.

Outlook for the Future

Where does this analysis of the contemporary scene and its historical antecedents lead us in forecasting the future outlook of race relations in New Zealand?

On the credit side of the ledger is the impressive measure of legal equality the Maoris enjoy in this country. This is something of which New Zealanders may feel justifiably proud and which could be profitably emulated in many parts of the world. To this must be added the substantial measure of extra-legal equality based on long-standing traditions of fair play and on the experience of almost a hundred years of peaceful co-existence. Both of these factors will do much to discourage the outbreak of any violence or excesses that from time to time erupt in South Africa and in various parts of the United States. Furthermore, there are many encouraging signs today that young New Zealanders are shedding some of the prejudices and racist notions of their elders. In just the last decade, too, many barriers have been broken and many myths shattered. An impressive number of Maoris have completed apprenticeships and have entered the skilled trades. Many more are making the grade in farming and industry and in such professions as teaching and nursing. These accomplishments of the Maori people, by increasing their self-respect and raising their status in the eyes of their pakeha neighbours, have contributed immeasurably to the cause of better race relations in this country.

Nevertheless, in considering *all* of the evidence it is impossible

to avoid the conclusion that the relatively good race relations in New Zealand, as compared to the United States, are *not* attributable to any greater public enlightenment about such matters but to such more favourable historical, demographic and economic factors as no history of prior servitude, the smaller size of the minority group, the long period of Maori withdrawal, and the virtual elimination of inter-racial competition. As I have already pointed out in some detail most of the same racial prejudices and extra-legal varieties of discrimination that prevail in America can also be found in New Zealand in somewhat less extreme form. The same conclusion can perhaps be stated in more concrete terms by conceiving of the following hypothetical situation: Suppose for a moment that it were possible to remove all of the white residents of the southern states of America and to replace them with white New Zealanders, or for that matter with white Americans from the northern states. I would then stake my professional reputation on the prediction that within ten years almost exactly the same racial situation would develop there as exists today.

One does not have to be a prophet of doom to perceive elements of danger in the prevailing state of affairs. In the first place, the Maori population is increasing at a much more rapid rate than the European, and the disposition toward intermarriage is if anything tending to decrease. Secondly, when we consider the Maori's current tendency progressively to emerge from his self-imposed isolation, as well as the sufficiency of his land holdings for at best a quarter of his present numbers, the pressure of an expanding population must inevitably accelerate migration to the city. In confined urban quarters everyday contact between peoples with different customs and usages obviously intensifies and multiplies many irritations that in rural districts implicate many fewer people less frequently. Today, for example, we find many pakeha adults who, as children, nurtured vague and sentimental story-book notions about Maoris, bitterly complaining about their loud conversation and exuberant laughter in restaurants; about their expansiveness in the pub; about their body odour and unkempt appearance; about their numerous visiting relatives and their tendency to sing and play the guitar far into the night; about their tardiness in showing up for appointments and their habit of taking off several days from work to attend a tangi; about the sores and dripping noses of their children; and about the greater wear and tear on the premises that ensues from the larger families of Maori tenants. Thirdly, despite encouraging signs of progress in this direction, Maoris are still not entering the skilled trades and professions any-

where in proportion to their numbers, and hence are not acquiring their fair share of the social acceptance and prestige associated with occupational achievements. For all of these reasons it is evident that within another generation the urban centres of New Zealand will harbour a sizeable proportion of Maoris competing for unskilled jobs with Europeans. Fourthly, as a result of inexperience in coping with the temptations of city life, sudden release from the social controls imposed by village elders, and concentrated residence in slum areas, the Maori crime and delinquency rates are disproportionately high and will probably increase. Lastly, in a political situation where pakeha voters are almost evenly divided between the two major parties, the four safe Maori Labour seats tip the delicate balance of power and arouse considerable resentment from a large segment of the European population.

Thus, all of the factors that are known to increase racial tension will soon be operative in this country. Even today the outspokenly hostile anti-Maori attitudes encountered in part of Auckland city, Northland, and the Waikato are uncomfortably reminiscent of the deep South in America. For a nation that so ostentatiously prides itself on the absence of a colour bar, the volume of anti-Maori sentiment running through the thread of ordinary pakeha conversation seems disturbingly high—even to Americans who are by no means unaccustomed to this sort of thing in their own country.

None of these problems of racial tension, of course, is insuperable. American experience has shown that appropriate legislation can markedly reduce the incidence of unfair discriminatory practices in such areas as housing, employment and hotel accommodation, and that educational campaigns sponsored by schools, churches, and civic organizations can accomplish much in the way of combating prejudice and increasing mutual understanding. As Maoris become more familiar with European ways of life they will undoubtedly endeavour to modify practices that are irritating to their pakeha neighbours. And similarly, a liberal dose of good will, patience, and altruism on the part of pakehas would lessen much of the friction stemming from cultural differences in customs, values, and degree of adaptation to modern urban civilization. Eventually, enlightened self-interest will make the pakeha appreciate that any measure advancing the Maori's housing, education, health and vocational adjustment or enhancing his racial pride and self-respect will make him a more desirable citizen, whereas prejudice and discrimination can only perpetuate the traits he finds objectionable.

Complacency and self-deception, however, are the greatest

obstacles in the way of improving race relations in this country. Before any of those preventive or remedial measures can be taken it is first necessary to admit that a problem requiring amelioration actually exists. Thus, there can be no escape from facing the unpalatable fact that by any reasonable or objective standard an extra-legal colour bar does exist in New Zealand. Only a scientifically controlled research study, however, could determine the precise extent of the racial problem and the steps necessary to overcome it. This type of frank and long-sighted approach is admittedly painful in many ways, but the alternative is by no means reassuring. For as long as New Zealanders persist in deluding themselves that all is well in the sphere of race relations, the only realistic prospect for the future is the emergence of a brown proletariat segregated in the urban slums and living in a state of chronic tension with their white neighbours.

GEORGE EIBY

Science and Technology

SCIENCE AND technology form a fruitful partnership, and it is widely believed that there is little point in stressing the difference between them. When pleading the cause of the technologist in the course of his 1954 Reith Lectures, Sir Oliver Franks declared:

> Our traditions are that we recognise the high place of pure science. For centuries, men have found enduring satisfaction in exploring the mysteries of nature. But applied science, engineering, the process of industry—no, these are not on the same footing, most useful, no doubt, but not inherently distinguished.

The regrettable view that technology is in some way less 'distinguished' than pure science is certainly held in some circles, at any rate in Europe; but in New Zealand it is not common, and this also appears to be the case in America.

Is it true that between science and technology there is distinction, but not essential difference; and are those who insist upon the distinction guilty of adopting a superior attitude? If modern society

in fact withheld credit from the applied scientist, the engineer, and the industrialist, and their needs were seldom considered, the rebuke would be justified; but it is clear that this is not so. The problems of technological education and training are continually discussed, and it is a foregone conclusion that funds will be made available for the study of any national problem that seems likely to be solved by the application of scientific method. On the other hand, the conditions necessary for continuous work in the field of pure science are seldom discussed, and they are becoming less and less easy to find. Few men who are not scientists have any clear idea of what scientists are about, and scientists are doing very little to inform them.

Scientists, as Sir Oliver Franks makes clear, are those who 'have found enduring satisfaction in exploring the mysteries of nature'. If this exploration of the unknown is not a man's primary aim, he is no scientist. This is a question of definition, and does not question the value of technology or the right of the technologist and engineer to equal status with the scientist. Indeed, the same man may at different times be both scientist and technologist, and it would be rash to attempt an assessment of the relative skills and abilities involved. However, it must be clearly realized that without discoveries in pure science, technology must eventually become sterile. It would not necessarily be apparent immediately that the rate of scientific discovery had fallen, for modifications to old devices can give them a spurious air of novelty and technical innovations can give some stimulus to pure research, but eventually technological progress would slow down and the sources of new knowledge be reduced to a trickle. For this reason it is important that science should be valued as an activity of the human spirit, and not just for the material benefits that its technological applications can confer. The problems and achievements of science must be brought to public notice along with those of technology.

The equation of human progress with the application of science was implicit in the Industrial Revolution, and resulted in the formation of such bodies as the Royal Institution

> for diffusing the knowledge and facilitating the general and speedy introduction of new and useful mechanical inventions and improvements; and also for teaching, by regular courses of philosophical lectures and experiments, the applications of the new discoveries in science to the improvement of arts and manufactures, and in facilitating the means of procuring the comforts and conveniences of life.

The direct benefits of such a programme are self-evident—but it should be noted that the existence of 'new discoveries in science' is taken for granted. When the rate of our material progress was slower than now, and the typical scientist was a gentleman-amateur, this attitude may have been satisfactory. Today it is a dangerous anachronism.

For as long as there have been scientists, they have been forced to support themselves by pointing out possible material advantage to their patrons. Only for the few with private means, or for the philosophers of the slave society of ancient Greece, could it be otherwise. Leonardo da Vinci's well-known letter to the Duke of Milan asking for employment panders as blatantly to military aspirations as any example the Cold War can provide; Kepler's cynical reference to astrology as a wise provision made by Nature for the support of the astronomer could be parallelled by instances of modern appeals to lay superstition; and Galileo's decision to present a telescope to the Doge of Venice 'perceiving of what great utility such an instrument would prove in naval and military operations, and seeing that his Serenity greatly desired to possess it' has its counterpart in the opportunism of scientists asking for grants today.

In the present state of the world, it would be foolish for the scientist to neglect this approach. If he claims the support of society, he must advance reasons which society will accept. At the same time, he has an obligation to urge society to modify its attitudes when he believes those attitudes to be wrong. If he succeeds in making his own values clear, it is not impossible that in time the scientist's reasons would be accepted by society.

The difference in attitude between the scientist and those who provide the money for his researches is to be found even in the Charter of the Royal Society. The scientists are 'a competent number of persons of eminent learning, ingenuity, and honour, concording in their inclination and studies towards this employment, [who] have for some time accustomed themselves to meet weekly and orderly to confer about the hidden causes of things, with a design to establish certain and correct uncertain in philosophy'. The king, on the other hand, extends his 'Royal favour, patronage, and all due encouragement' *because* they have been able 'by their labour in the disquisition of Nature to prove themselves real benefactors to mankind; and that they already made a considerable progress by diverse useful and remarkable discoveries, inventions, and experiments in the improvement of Mathematics, Mechanics, Astronomy, Navigation, Physics, and Chemistry'.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about this statement is its clear understanding of the values placed upon their work by the scientists themselves, and its virtual agreement to differ.

In New Zealand such understanding and tolerance is rare. In the Preface to his Centennial Survey *New Zealanders and Science* S. H. Jenkinson attributes New Zealand's 'present character and position to the application and development of those scientific ideas which were current *in the first half of the nineteenth century*'. Before dismissing this as an exaggeration, it is as well to note that the reference is to *ideas* and not to *knowledge*—to the outlook, rather than to the facts available and the procedures followed. This outlook is that of the community, not that of the scientist, but F. R. Callaghan's *Science in New Zealand*, issued more than fifteen years later, shows little evidence that scientists have done anything to change the situation. Throughout the book, their emphasis is on solutions to specific problems and not upon contributions to basic knowledge—'the impact of scientific effort . . . upon industry and thought', 'The developments which have occurred [and] their application in industry and on the life of the people'. Only in the 'Historical Introduction' by I. D. Dick is there a hint that this is not all of science.

It would be unfair to scientists working in New Zealand to claim that they make no fundamental advances in human knowledge. Our specifically New Zealand problem is that the customary relationships between product and by-product are reversed. In the Universities, research is a by-product of teaching; in the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research it is largely a by-product of industrial or agricultural problems. The few independent establishments are virtually without unencumbered funds and lean heavily upon government grants—which they normally justify in terms identical with those a Departmental Head addresses to his Minister. The tradition of private patronage is dead. It is impossible to think of a single major private endowment of pure science in this country during the last fifty years.

Early this year, an American scientist expressed the opinion that the most important scientific advances of 1957 had been the overthrow of the principle of conservation of parity, and the harnessing of the thermo-nuclear reaction. With this estimate there would probably be general agreement. But the news—if news it was—appeared under the headline 'Sputnik Not Outstanding Achievement', and became the excuse for yet another reiteration of anti-Soviet prejudice. Ever since the first Sputnik was launched, it has been widely suggested that the Western world is lagging in its out-

put of scientists. To most vocal Americans, at least, the only value of science is as a weapon in the Cold War—and there is an uneasy suspicion that the enemy is better armed. Hence the cry for 'scientists' who would presumably be expected to develop bombs and inter-continental missiles.

It must be admitted that not all scientists regard the encouragement of pure science as a necessary pre-requisite for material progress. Arguing the contrary view, J. G. Crowther writes (in his *Social Relations of Science*)

> Without science, modern life could not continue for more than a few hours. This shows there is an organic connection between science and social life. The way in which science is involved in modern life shows that it is an intimate product of that life.
>
> The progress of science is commonly explained as being due to the curiosity of certain men named scientists. The scientist is supposed to be a man inspired by pure curiosity to discover new facts about the natural world. If this were completely correct, is it probable that scientists would always discover facts of practical value? Nearly all scientific discoveries have proved of practical value, and this value has generally been found more quickly than might have been expected. This phenomenon must have some meaning, for if scientific discoveries were due to pure curiosity there seems no reason why more than a few should happen to have practical value.
>
> The answer is that scientific discoveries are due not only to pure curiosity, but also to other factors, and that those other factors are usually more important than mere curiosity.

This is an attempt to produce paradox where none exists. The brief answer is that of course scientific discovery can be applied, since scientific discoveries concern properties of the material world; and naturally there are factors other than pure curiosity which form part of a scientist's motives. No scientist is likely to deny that the society in which he finds himself influences his ways of thought and the direction in which his curiosity extends; but he is at least as strongly influenced by the state of knowledge with regard to his own specialty, and he is unlikely to follow up a practical application when a fundamental principle seems to lie within his grasp, unless there is some very strong pressure from society for him to do so. It is difficult to believe that Newton was led to Universal Gravitation, Maxwell to electro-magnetic theory, or Einstein to General Relativity, by social and practical considerations; yet these things are by consent among the most fertile of

scientific discoveries. On a simpler level, however likely it may have seemed to Röntgen that the discharge of electricity through a gas would have some practical application, he can scarcely have expected that the application would lie in the field of medicine. Once a scientist allows his work to be directed to particular ends, it is likely to become sterile.

Scientific curiosity cannot be created. The best that can be done is to prepare an environment which it finds congenial. This environment necessarily contains a large number of technologists. Much of the formal training needed by the scientist and the technologist is of a similar kind; and among the technologists will be many who are at least in part scientist. It therefore appears that if American scientific achievement today is in fact lagging behind that of the Soviet Union—and it is Americans who tell us so—it is more likely to be a result of the conditions of work than of the numbers involved or the thoroughness of the training.

Nature makes the following editorial comment upon a recent Third Programme talk by Dr K. Mendelssohn:

> Science in the U.S.S.R. is administered by the Soviet Academy of Sciences, and not by politicians or generals. The position is about the exact opposite in the United States, where the direction of scientific thought is largely in the hands of non-scientists; which not only leads to defective decisions, but also relegates the scientist to a subordinate place. In Britain, on the other hand, while science is mostly directed by scientists, the false dichotomy between science and the humanities has reached an almost hostile, or at least defensive, public feeling against science.

If this is a claim that the U.S.S.R. is a scientists' Utopia, it cannot be regarded seriously; but there are certainly advantages in control of science by scientists, organized into some such body as an Academy. In New Zealand, where so much of the science is centralized within the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, it is doubtful whether control by a Council rather than by a Minister would have much influence upon either the working conditions or the status of our scientists but it might lead them to adjust their outlook upon basic researches. On the other hand, the gap between science and the humanities which *Nature* rightly deplores, although present, is probably less important than the gap which separates both from a philistine society.

It may be argued that a direct assertion of the value of pure

science will lead the public to assume that the attitude of the scientist is what J. D. Bernal (in *The Social Function of Science*, p.4) has called 'science as pure thought'. This is the claim that science as an end in itself will ultimately produce the answers to 'the deepest questions men may ask about the origin of the universe or of life, of death and the survival of the soul'. As Bernal points out, this is not a scientific attitude, but anti-scientific nonsense, and in fact usually lays more stress upon what science 'cannot know' than upon what it establishes.

This is only a danger if the scientist does not explain himself. That he does not do so is in too many cases rooted in a belief that 'ordinary' men cannot be expected to appreciate or to sympathize with what he rightly regards as lofty motives. This is surely too harsh a view of the public. It is clear at least that public acclaim awaits the explorer or the successful mountaineer, whose motives are no less obscure to those who do not share them.

A kinder view of the general intelligence emerges from the recent findings of a Soviet psychologist, discussed by G. W. Boguslavsky in *Science* (*125*, p.915, 10 May 1957). The problem under consideration was the effectiveness of certain teaching methods, and comparisons are made between a number of different ways of introducing a class in Geography to the problem of determining latitude and longitude. Stories of explorers who contrive to get lost, leading up to the question 'Where are we?' proved ineffective in concentrating attention upon the main points of the lesson; and appeals to situations in which honour and duty made it imperative that the hero should find his position proved equally fruitless. Only five per cent of the children tested grasped the essentials of the lesson. When however, the main emphasis of the lesson was placed upon the struggles and frustrations of the task, some eighty-eight per cent of the children were found to understand. The investigator concluded that

> to arouse interest for scientific enquiry we must bring into the text a living active man, and his living, searching, exploring thought in its historical development. . . . We should not present ready-made results of human thought, but we should introduce the reader to the very process of investigation. . . . We must treat the search for the answer as the main goal of the hero's action, rather than as a means of reaching some other goal.

If these findings are correct, the pure scientist is unlikely to suffer by asserting his own scale of values; and the many able men who are happily preoccupied with the growth of pastures and

the yield of butterfat, the development of aerial top-dressing and of geothermal power have every reason to lend him their support. Both the scientist and the perceptive layman are already aware that practical benefits are the end-points of a process which begins with investigations of no practical utility. In a country where science is so closely subject to governmental control, and in a world in which political standing is increasingly linked to technological display, it is doubly important that the pure scientist should make his position clear to the whole community.

N. C. PHILLIPS

Sir James Hight: a Tribute

THE following tribute, here slightly abridged, was one of several paid to Sir James Hight at a ceremony of commemoration held in the Hall of the University of Canterbury on 28 May 1958. Sir James Hight, who had died a few days earlier at the age of eighty-seven, was associated with Canterbury College from 1891, when he entered as an undergraduate, until 1948, when he retired from the Chair of History and Political Science. During this time he gave service not only as a teacher but also as an administrator both to the College (of which he was Rector from 1928 to 1941) and to the University of New Zealand.

IT IS NOW nearly sixty years since Sir James Hight gave his first lecture in this university and little more than a decade since he gave his last. That last lecture was delivered, I believe, with the customary strict relevance to the subject in hand, with never a hint of valediction nor any deviation to suggest that for the lecturer this was no ordinary occasion. It was typical of the man that to the very end of a long and august academic life self-effacement should have continued to prevail over deep personal feeling.

I have sometimes thought that nature framed Sir James Hight first and foremost to be a scholar. Not only did it give him boundless industry and the physical robustness to support it, but it conferred extraordinary intellectual powers. The wide and careful reading shown by the annotations in his personal books and a

prodigious memory ensured that his mind should be unusually well furnished; but it also went swift and clear to the heart of a problem. Above all he had the scholar's humility and truthfulness and patience: by his own life he proclaimed that there can be no scholar except there first be an honest man.

Such qualities as these might have issued naturally in a world-wide reputation founded on a long course of published work. I do not know whether at some time in mid-life Sir James Hight consciously decided that his lot was cast here in Canterbury and that here he would remain. It seems unlikely. But whether consciously or not, a choice *was* made, for which we have every reason to be thankful. It did, however, pledge his mature working years to a small and remote university college which exacted from him as a teacher and administrator time and effort that in easier circumstances would have gone to the making of books. The marvel is that so much was achieved before office interposed its partial veto. Sir James Hight's last and lasting love was history, but he came to it by devious ways that led through French and English, economics and sociology, geography and jurisprudence—and this was a happy chance, for he knew that of all scholars the historian can least afford to imprison himself in a narrow specialization. His chosen field of research was colonial history, especially the history of New Zealand, of which his knowledge was unique. Later historians, writing at greater leisure and from fuller materials, have amplified and occasionally amended his pioneer works; but a sure historical instinct for knowing how things do not happen invariably saved him from the blunders committed by lesser men, and in all its essentials his work stands and will stand.

Yet it was his teaching that made the largest claim on Sir James Hight's life, as it should on our remembrance of him; for if scholarship was the poorer, humanity was incalculably the richer. There are many ways of being a good teacher. Sir James was entirely guiltless of that theatricality and conceit without some share of which no man will be a brilliant lecturer. He had, I think, no strong pictorial imagination, nor did he charm by unfolding history as a grand panorama. He was too sober to bandy about the bold hypotheses by which some teachers excite their students. His art as a teacher was that he had no arts: what he offered us was plain sincerity. He lectured in a low, even voice, now and then looking up shyly over his spectacles to make a point that he hoped we would remember or to enforce an occasional maxim, such as that 'without variety, there can be no progress'. To be thorough, precise and systematic, not to abuse words (especially cant words like

'reactionary'), to look at all sides of a question, to argue only from the evidence, to be as just to men long dead as to those still alive and able to sue us for libel: these were among the ideals he set before us. Few of us ever left his classes or his conversations without a resolve to be less superficial, less dogmatic. They served to remind us that the real work of a university is not done in the glass-house of publicity but in small, quiet groups of a teacher and his students. He never scolded us or exhibited us to ignominy. His learning was always available, but it was never on display, so that to us it was like a vast, uncharted ocean, whose depths we could only infer by dropping a plumbline here and there.

What I am implying in all this is that his impact on us was in the last resort a *moral* impact. He never used his chair as a pulpit to preach or moralize. On the contrary, he studiously left us to form our own opinions, having first taught us by his example that we must, by mastering the facts, earn a right to hold opinions. This scrupulous detachment was an act of self-discipline, demanded by a liberal philosophy. His was a truly catholic and a reconciling mind. His loyalties lay with the great tradition of the middle way, with Aristotle and St Thomas Aquinas, Hooker and Locke; and I believe he was much attracted to the magistral liberal Catholic historian, Lord Acton. Those who did not know him might deduce that his teaching was too little adventurous, too cautious, too finely balanced. We who were his students knew better. When the latest smart theory had been wrangled over and lay dead of ridicule, when the academic brawlers had finished grimacing and gesticulating and shouting, we were glad to return to that still centre of temperate and calm wisdom.

An essential secret of Sir James Hight's success in teaching students was that he also befriended them. At our first approach we stood in awe, for there was in his manner a gravity that in other times would have befitted a Roman Senator or a Venetian Doge. We soon discovered that his reserve was not impenetrable, though we never ceased to be astonished by his extreme courtesy, by his long-lived interest in us and all our concerns and by the alertness and discreet strategy of his kindness. Nothing rejoiced him more than his students' successes, then and in after life. Rarely, he could be heard to question a man's ability, his character never; and this was wholly natural, for he diffused about him so much simple goodness that men turned the best side of their nature towards him.

It was no doubt because his students were his friends that he never spared himself in their service. His students worked for him

because they knew that he was working for them. At the age of seventy-five he was still producing those famous cyclostyled notes by which it was his practice to guide their reading. He never forgot that a free society had enabled him to rise from humble beginnings, and in a thousand nameless ways he used his powers to see that in New Zealand the career should be kept open to talent. He influenced many lives for the better, some of them decisively. And who shall say that his influence has gone from amongst us?

Commentaries

R. J. HARRISON

ANZUS, SEATO and New Zealand

LITTLE can be more satisfying to a foreign minister and the career diplomats who have assisted him, than the signing of an alliance. The expressions of common interest, the agreements to consult before action, are particularly gratifying to the representatives of a small country allying itself with a great power. However, neither the atmosphere of confidence and bonhomie, nor the actual text of the treaty are thoroughly reliable criteria for assessing what has been accomplished. Treaties are binding only while states are willing to be bound, and treaties of mutual security must be examined more in terms of the power and purpose of the signatories than of their texts.

The most important security treaties in which New Zealand is involved are the ANZUS[1] and SEATO[2] pacts. Their language because

[1] Collective security treaty between Australia, New Zealand and the United States. It came into force on 29 April 1952.

[2] South East Asia Collective Defence Treaty between Australia, France, New Zealand, Pakistan, The Philippines, Thailand, The United Kingdom, and the United States. It came into force on 19 February 1955.

of the extreme caution with which Congress views automatic commitments of U.S. forces, can, itself, hardly inspire confidence in South East Asia, or Australia and New Zealand, if those countries are to assume that it is a complete expression of the degree to which they are protected and obligated. The 'action' clause is almost identical in both treaties. Article IV of the ANZUS treaty reads:

> Each Party recognizes that an armed attack in the Pacific Area on any of the Parties would be dangerous to its own peace and safety and declares that it would act to meet the common danger in accordance with its constitutional processes.

Article IV of the South East Asia Treaty reads:

> 1. Each Party recognizes that aggression by means of armed attack in the treaty area against any of the Parties or against any state or territory which the Parties by unanimous agreement may hereafter designate, would endanger its own peace and safety, and agrees that it will in that event act to meet the common danger in accordance with its constitutional processes. Measures taken under this paragraph shall be immediately reported to the Security Council of the United Nations.

The strongest obligation of both these treaties then, upon their signatories, is that in the event of an armed attack in a defined area they would act in accordance with their constitutional processes. Apart from a SEATO provision for 'consultation with regard to military and any other planning' which may be required in the treaty area, any hint as to the possibility of military action is carefully eschewed.

The New Zealand Minister of External Affairs, commenting on the ANZUS treaty in the House of Representatives (13 July 1951), said that 'it expresses nothing new in the relationship of the three countries'.[3] This, I will suggest, is not wholly true, but as comment on a purely literal interpretation of the text it may be extended to the relationship of the eight SEATO countries. The vagueness of the language is more apparent when it is contrasted with that of earlier treaties, say the Brussels Pact (March 1948) or the Axis Tripartite Pact (September 1940). Article 4 of the Brussels Pact reads:

> If any of the High Contracting Parties should be the object of an armed attack in Europe, the other High Contracting Parties

[3] N.Z. Parliamentary Debates, Vol.298, p.318.

will, in accordance with Article 51 of the Charter of the United Nations, afford the Party so attacked all the military and other aid and assistance in their power.

According to Article 3 of the Tripartite Pact, the signatories were to 'assist one another with all political, economic and military means when one of the three contracting Parties is attacked by a power at present not involved in the European War or in the Sino-Japanese conflict'.

The obligations assumed here are clear and definite. They commit the Parties to automatic military response where the ANZUS and SEATO pacts require 'action' in accordance with constitutional processes. However, the so called Pact of Steel between Germany and Italy (May 1939) was just as clear and definite as the Tripartite Pact and Brussels Pact, neither of which was, or has been, put to a perfectly direct test. It went even further in requiring that if one of the Parties 'becomes involved in warlike complications with another Power or Powers, the other Contracting Party will come to its aid . . . with all its military forces on land, on sea, and in the air' (Article 3). Yet this Pact, for all its textual rigidity, did not bring Italy into the war on the side of Nazi Germany until June 1940, ten months after the invasion of Poland. Evidently the text of a treaty of alliance is a very uncertain indication of its strength. What then are the factors which must be weighed for a proper interpretation of the ANZUS and SEATO treaties?

The treaties in relation to major wars

Clearly the meaning of the treaties in the case of wars which can be limited is somewhat different from the meaning they would have in the event of a major war. In a major war the treaties would either be quite meaningless, or, given a strong interpretation, would work to New Zealand's disadvantage. A major war which became immediately global would rob the treaties of meaning because the deployment of forces and arms would be dictated by the requirements of a global military strategy without reference to the texts of rather vague treaties. It may however be conceded that such co-operation as was dictated by overall strategy could be more immediately co-ordinated through machinery previously agreed upon, under the terms of the treaty.

In a major war between the United States and Russia, fought across the Pacific, from which Britain and France stood aloof, New Zealand would have to consider her independent obligations under the ANZUS pact. Although the treaty areas in the NATO and

ANZUS pacts have the metropolitan territory of the United States in common, the action the European NATO countries would 'deem necessary' under Article 5 might conceivably not include the use of armed force, since the purpose of action under the clause is 'to restore and maintain the security of the North Atlantic area'.[4]

Here I am only taking into account possibilities, not hinting at probabilities. At the moment, clearly, it is very unlikely that Western Europe would not become involved if a Russian-American war began on the Pacific front. But it would be unsafe to assume that this situation is completely stable. The revolution in Cyprus, the Suez Canal crisis, the dispute over arms to Tunisia have demonstrated not only that NATO can withstand shocks, but that it can be shaken. The possible effects of the right kind of Russian propaganda were visible in the outcome of the NATO conference in Paris at the end of 1957 when Western Europe forced upon a reluctant America the decision to try another 'summit' conference. Then, in no country in Western Europe is there not a fairly large public opinion against U.S. bases, particularly when they are equipped with atomic striking power. Finally, the current Russian offer of a non-aggression pact between the Warsaw Pact countries and the NATO countries, if it were ever accepted (it seemed to be attractive to Harold Macmillan during his Commonwealth tour), would provide a fairly lofty moral and legal pretext for neutrality even if the United States did carry its attack across the North Atlantic. New Zealand and Australia might thus become involved independently of Britain. What the actual effects of involvement would be it is impossible to say. It would at least make the danger of atomic bombing of New Zealand cities greater.

One other aspect of these treaties in relation to major wars should be considered. That is, whether or not they are part of the heavily criticized U.S. policy of 'massive retaliation' which would make any and every communist military interference in an, at present, non-communist area the signal for a major war. It is quite clear that massive retaliation is in fact the new Western defence policy. Manpower reductions and concentration upon atomic weapons in the U.S. and Britain indicate it. Secretary of the Air Force Donald A. Quarles has been quite explicit. He said: 'If it were obvious that limited aggressions would be met with the full force of atomic weapons, I do not believe such aggressions would occur. As in the case of all out war, if the Communist leadership were tempted toward limited aggression but were faced with the plain fact that the United States stood ready to use its best weapons to defend its

[4] North Atlantic Treaty, Article 5 (Washington D.C., 4 April 1949).

vital interests, they would have to conclude that such aggression would be unprofitable. Again, as in respect to total war, air atomic power becomes a convincing deterrent.'[5]

Australia and New Zealand, in considering a 'tight view' of obligations under SEATO must recognize the extent to which they may be placing decision about the scope of wars in the hands of others. They must appraise for themselves the 'massive retaliation' policy which, R. E. Osgood has suggested, makes it possible for the Russian bloc to confront the West 'with the choice between total war, non resistance, and ineffective resistance'.[6] Since the strategy of limited war is heavily dependent upon adequate ground forces, Osgood points out that, in fact, alliances are in themselves, likely to have the effect of making the limitation of wars more difficult. 'They may inject', he says, 'a complicating factor into geographic limitation of warfare; for by creating an obligation for many nations to come to the aid of one, they also create the danger that an attack on one country will result in spreading the war to several.'[7]

Most important of all, it can be argued that the less tightly the smaller nations are bound to one or other of the two blocs in the present bipolar world system the greater the integrative force they can exert on that system. If the smaller nations are sufficiently numerous and independent, they represent potentially either an asset or a danger to the two great powers. They can thus be effective as mediators and they give some meaning to the activities of the United Nations which depend on the existence of a wider frame of reference than the interests of the two opposing blocs.

Considered in relation to major wars then these treaties are either meaningless as far as New Zealand's defences are concerned, or restrictive of her freedom of action, and it is possible that they reduce the elements of stability in the present loose bipolar system.

The treaties in relation to 'local' wars

In the case of localized wars, fought for the limited objective of containing communism in an area where it has attempted to extend itself by military means, these treaties have a different import. In one sense they work in the opposite direction to that suggested by Osgood in the quotation above. The reduction in the ground forces of the United States, impairing the latter's readiness to fight limited

[5] Statement before a Congressional committee in June 1956. Quoted by R. E. Osgood, *Limited War*, University of Chicago, 1957, p.232.
[6] *Op. cit.* p.237.
[7] *Ibid.* p.247.

wars, is offset, if only to a small degree, by the forces which the signatories could make available.[8] Furthermore, they enhance the possibility of immediate local military resistance to aggression, a *sine qua non* of the limited war, in so far as they make it possible to combat the appeal of communism in Asia under the economic and social clauses of the South East Asia treaty and in so far as they are interpreted as assurances of assistance. A certain amount of work has already been done in an attempt to augment the treaty along such lines of morale and military preparedness.

Article V of the S.E.A. Treaty sets up a Council of Foreign Ministers who meet at least once a year, usually in the treaty area, to set broad policy. They are advised on defence matters by military representatives of the signatories. After the first meeting of the military advisers in February 1955, staff planners began to work almost immediately on a permanent basis.[9] On 1 March 1957 a Permanent Military Planning Staff was set up at SEATO headquarters in Bangkok headed by Brigadier General Alfredo M. Santos of the Philippines and an equal number of planners from each member nation. The Military Secretariat is combined with this planning staff.

The first and second annual reports of the organization noted progress in the combat effectiveness of the armed forces of the SEATO members. Modernization, re-equipment (standardized as far as possible), more efficient disposition of co-ordinated forces and more intensive training of forces have been the main themes. Extensive military aid programmes have played an important role as well as exchange training and joint exercises.

The economic and social clauses of the treaty have assumed great importance as the work of the Research Service Centre, set up to report on current development in communist activity, has indicated that the main threat in the treaty area is subversion. The Research Service Centre is part of a Permanent Secretariat which was established in June 1956 to administer the various SEATO programmes. The Secretariat is headed by a Secretary General, Mr Pote Sarasin of Thailand. It includes an executive Secretariat, a Public Relations Office, a Cultural Relations Office, the Research Service Centre and a small Economic Office. The Council of Foreign Ministers approves broad policy in this as in the military sphere,

[8] N.Z. would be expected to provide a division (approx. 23,000 men). (See Review of Defence Policy, Publication No. 181, Dept. of External Affairs, Wellington, 1957.)

[9] The information following is taken from the first and second Annual Reports of the South East Asia Treaty Organization.

but at their first meeting in February 1955 they set up Council Representatives to carry on the business of the treaty organization when the council is not in session, within terms of reference laid down by the council. They meet at least every two weeks. Three expert committees work under them, meeting once or twice a year, as necessary, to give advice on matters in their respective spheres. A council meeting in March 1956 set up, in addition, a Permanent Working Group to assist Council Representatives and to provide a forum for day to day discussion.

The two Annual Reports so far issued have noted economic improvement in member countries through their own efforts, the Colombo Plan, U.N., and bilateral aid programmes. The treaty has contributed to this improvement according to the second Annual Report in that 'the very existence of such a collective security system, by giving confidence to our countries has enabled them to devote to economic, social and cultural development a greater portion of their resources than would have been possible had each of them provided separately for its own defence'.[10] Also bilateral aid programmes in the area have been stepped up, notably by the United States whose aid has increased fourfold since the treaty was signed. It has been devoted, apart from military allocations, to roads, irrigation, agricultural machinery, livestock and new industry.

Direct resistance to subversive activity has taken the form of careful study of communist methods and appropriate counter measures, as well as co-operation in the training of security forces. Security forces on the Thai-Malay border have been working in collaboration against armed communist activity in the area. Material and moral assistance has been given to Indo-China since the conclusion of the Geneva agreements of July 1954, and the second Annual Report claims that this has brought about improvements in the political situation.

It would appear that much had been done, remembering the short time in which the South East Asia Treaty has been in force, in attempting to create, by economic and social co-operation, a less favourable environment for the communist appeal in the treaty area. Just how successful the efforts have been is very difficult to establish. The extent of military planning and co-operation slightly reinforces the weak guarantees of Article IV (the action clause). But whether the likelihood of local resistance to aggression and the overall ability to fight limited wars has been increased significantly is very doubtful.

[10] Second Annual Report, SEATO, p.2.

Since fear of Japan, which from the New Zealand point of view was the motivation for the ANZUS treaty, is unrealistic today, and since it is very unlikely that New Zealand would be the object of a direct Russian attack, the situation in South East Asia is of most concern to her. Any progress achieved in the rather small treaty area in Asia is therefore to the advantage of New Zealand, provided it is not balanced by greater disadvantages. All the indications are that the progress made has been very small indeed and is greatly outweighed by the disadvantages. The only members not otherwise allied with the United States, and consequently the key members, are Thailand and Pakistan. The governments of both these countries are characterized by their instability[11] and there is room for suspicion whether their membership of the alliance is not primarily a matter of financial opportunism.

The doubtful friendship of these allies must be set against the harm the treaty has brought about in other Asian countries. Both India and Indonesia look coldly upon it. India in particular cannot help but regard it as a setback to her attempt to build a neutral Asian bloc. Again, Burma, India and Indonesia are extremely sensitive to any kind of 'colonialism' in Asia.[12] New Zealand therefore, must be very careful not to lend her support to any 'anti-subversive' measures which have the appearance of bolstering up right-wing puppet governments against a popular reform movement. Even here in New Zealand, certain elements of the Labour Party recently pointed out to the Prime Minister that, in their opinion, New Zealand's action in Malaya had just such an appearance; that the Malayan difficulties could not be described in black and white, communist and democratic terms. In the circumstances it is not very difficult for Russia to play upon Asian fears at each SEATO conference by describing the organization alternately as the 'leading military alignment of colonialist powers' and 'tool for aggression and colonialism' in South East Asia.

Mr Nash has emphasized that the real answer to communism in the under-developed areas lies in their social and economic development. The stigma of colonialism and military pact attaches to aid through SEATO, and there exists already in the area a sufficiency of other agencies doing the same work. The Colombo plan for example is open to all South and South East Asian countries wishing to participate, and, beside the Commonwealth countries, Burma,

[11] See for example Ascoli et al., 'The Shaky Pillars of our Asian Policy', *The Reporter*, 28 November 1957, pp.10-18 and *Collective Defence in S.E. Asia*, R.I.I.A. (O.U.P. 1956), p.25.

[12] See *Collective Defence in S.E. Asia*, pp.126-7.

Cambodia, Indonesia, Laos, Nepal, the Philippines, Thailand, Vietnam, Japan, and the United States have now joined as full members. Its objective is to raise living standards in South and South East Asia through capital and technical assistance, arranged on a bilateral treaty basis leaving members in control of their own projects. From the point of view of the assisted countries, the capital assistance has the advantage of coming without political strings attached, as a supplement to the main burden of economic development which they shoulder themselves. In technical matters the countries in the area not only receive assistance from outside, but provide technical assistance to each other in fields where one is more advanced than its neighbours.

The United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East—ECAFE—is another agency operating in the South East Asia treaty area. It was originally established to assist member countries to reconstruct their economies after the war, but now undertakes the more specialized task of promoting the exchange of economic and technical knowledge on the particular problems of the area.

The economic and social work of SEATO then, unnecessarily duplicates that of the specialist organizations already in the area without enjoying their non-political advantages, their collaboration and exchange of information, and general determination of priorities.

Given these grave drawbacks to the South East Asia Treaty, and remembering that the direct danger to New Zealand from this area must be considered fairly remote, it may be more realistic for New Zealand to consider her activity there primarily in terms of the general world situation. In this context, New Zealand's size prescribes her most valuable role, which is mediatory within the United Nations and is prejudiced by ties like those of ANZUS and SEATO.

Her policy should be, therefore, not to withdraw from the treaties (for this would too drastically affect her relations with the United States), but to avoid being drawn into more rigid military commitments under the treaties; as a corollary, to oppose any liaison (other than exchange of information) between SEATO, NATO and the shaky Baghdad alliance; to answer and deny the accusations of the Soviet Union about the military aspects of the treaties as they are understood by New Zealand; and to emphasize in official statements the economic, social and cultural aspects of the South East Asia treaty while channelling her own assistance through the non-military organizations.

If this interpretation of the meaning of the treaties for New Zealand is a correct one, praise is due to Mr Nash for the way he has implemented such a policy. He went to the SEATO conference in March this year immediately after having faced the rigours of an election, yet it is not too much to say that he never once made an uncertain or false move.

He showed himself very sensitive to the Russian attitude towards the organization. Before the Council meeting began, Russia issued an open warning to Asian members 'not to allow themselves to be linked with Western aggressive plans'.[13] She proposed a collective peace treaty and the setting up of a zone free of nuclear or rocket weapons. 'The realization of plans to link SEATO with NATO and the Baghdad pact would mean a final conversion of SEATO into an appendix of the main aggressive pact—NATO.'[14] Mr Nash carefully countered this criticism in a speech which denied all basis for Russian apprehensions.

'No freedom loving State could complain', he said, 'about SEATO's methods or principles . . . SEATO was set up by free and independent governments to defend each other from outside aggression and subversion; there is nothing more to it than that.'[15]

Before the conference started it was reported that the United States would urge closer links between the SEATO, NATO and Baghdad pacts. Liaison going beyond the exchange of information cannot but have the effect of introducing further elements of hierarchy and central control into the non-communist world. A centralized system has certain advantages where rapidity and co-ordinated action is desirable but it dangerously increases the difficulty of restraining the dominant power if this ever becomes necessary. It should also be remembered that some SEATO powers are also members of NATO and the Baghdad pact and Mr Nash very properly questioned how far the common ground of these three organizations extends. The Asian and Pacific members must view with caution any arrangement which might subordinate their SEATO interests to the interests of the other organizations.

Press reports indicate that the New Zealand delegation was very much aware of these disadvantages. According to the *Evening Post* 'New Zealand urged caution when the SEATO council . . . discussed closer links with NATO and Baghdad Pact groups. The fear was that the initial exchange of information might lead to a clear alliance of the three pact areas, weakening all of them. Mr Nash

[13] See *Evening Post*, 10 March 1958.
[14] *Evening Post*, 10 March 1958.
[15] *Evening Post*, 11 March 1958.

expressed concern that a clear tie up might take away or alter the broad objectives of the three organizations. The area of common ground might be less extensive than is believed.'[16]

Finally in an address to the Council the Prime Minister emphasized the non-military aspects of the treaty and on 13 March he again stressed that the real answer to communism was not destructive criticism and exposure of subversion, but raised living standards and education.

Birds in the Wilderness

1. At the Auckland Festival, 22-7 May

S. MUSGROVE

HAVING been one of the judges who selected Bruce Mason's play as winner of the Festival Society's competition, I have some personal interest in seeing that it gets a good review; but the audience at the first night and the local press both received it so warmly that conscience can rest quiet. Although slight enough, it stood out from other entries by possessing the rare quality of making an intelligent comic commentary on life in New Zealand—on some parts of it, anyway. In what is perhaps the most interesting speech in the play Mrs Szabo ('Bellpush') says that she remembers and values people for the kind of comedy they create. The kind of comedy a society creates is an index of its maturity, of how far it is able to recognize its own mask in the mirror without raging like Caliban.

The play is about two young New Zealanders, Bernie and Juliet Bascombe, who want a house of their own. They buy an enormous disused corset factory, and into it settle an odd flock: Jacko Sternberg, a wartime cobber of Bernie's, a brilliant, wayward and irreverent Jew, two somewhat sentimental Hungarian refugees, a broken-down wrestler (Big Maxie) and his remarkably dumb blonde 'secretary'—an eyeful indeed as modelled by Carole Eliott. The given problem is to get the Kiwi off the ground—in other words, to get Bernie out of his soul-killing, bottom-wearing superannuated job in the Inland Revenue, to make life in God's Own Country a

[16] *Evening Post*, 12 March 1958.

little more godlike. So they start a business for making furniture out of spare timber. I won't give the rest of it away, beyond saying that it is all very funny, and the insane plan succeeds, and finally the rookery disperses.

Read on paper, the play seemed a true (though light) comedy. It moved between the humours of strong, broadly drawn characters, and occasional ironic commentary, written without bile; and it did seem to be, centrally, about things that exist and some things that matter. As acted, it still retained some of this quality, but moved over very markedly in the direction of farce, perhaps because the more fantastic characters, Jacko and Maxie, dominate so much of the play. The two 'straight' parts, those of Bernie and Juliet, tend to get swamped and become a little dull amid all the coruscations. This is surely not what the author meant, since what happens to them, what they make of the lift which the others give them, is the very heart of the comedy. Jacko is a genuine comic creation—the sort of friend one would like to have oneself, and see once every three years—and he was vigorously realized by the gangling, ironical horse-face of Tim Eliott, throwing arms, legs and ideas all over the set. Since he is the originator of the whole thing, it is right that Jacko should dominate; but from the middle of Act II, the play passes more and more into the hands of Big Maxie. Now Maxie—well played by Harry Lavington—belongs to the world of farce; and so (alas!) does his dumb Ruby, for all she comes from Te Kuiti. In the real world of Queen Street, Maxie won't be running any boys' club, and the heart under that sateen bosom will be a good deal flintier than the play pretends. Acting styles had something to do with it, but this drift towards farce is in the play itself.

The production, by the author, was a good amateur one. On the opening night, the first fifteen minutes were dead and cold—mainly, I think, because of Pamela James, who was hard to hear at first (the Concert Chamber is notoriously tricky) and did not warm into the part soon enough. There was the danger of her making Juliet into a nag, which indeed lurks in the role itself. Thereafter the birds took flight, and no doubt time will smooth out the occasional roughnesses. Nicholas Danilow was utterly convincing, as the Hungarian craftsman of toothpicks, and his wife Ariadne only spoiled an excellent performance by some slow timing, especially in the wrestling scene in Act II. Some said that the last act seemed a little thin and dim, but I didn't find it so. The only real grumble I have is about the set, which was thoroughly skimpy and unconvincing. No doubt the needs of travelling had something to do with it. Incidentally, if the text says, over and

over again, that you can see Great Barrier from the window, why do we have to look at green fields?

But this is niggling, or nearly so. In sum, it was an amusing evening, and a good start to the Festival, though somewhat further from the promised 'comedy of humours' than I had hoped or (I suspect) than the author intended. The play is not, in any major sense, an 'important' one; but there are very few playwrights in New Zealand who can produce anything at all in the way of a sharp comic commentary on life here and now.

2. At the Lyric Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, 15 June

J. G. A. POCOCK

Birds in the Wilderness was produced on a Sunday evening at the Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, by the Repertory Players, a society of professional actors who stage new plays in this manner with a view to giving them, and the players who appear in them, a chance to catch the eye of West End Management. A programme note listed twenty or so plays which had achieved commercial success after being first presented by the society; they included *Rope*, and *The Happiest Days of Your Life*. The audience was therefore a private and a specialized one: professional actors, whom one would expect to be disposed to encourage the actors and regard the play with an eye mainly to its chance of commercial success; not, consequently, one to show how a play with a New Zealand setting was likely to appeal to an average London audience. Nor of course were the cast concerned primarily to project a specifically New Zealand quality. What seemed to be coming across, then, was a clear impression that we were somewhere, neither provincial England nor any English stereotype of the Antipodes (such as a second-hand, second-class version of Australia); and this conveyed a certain loopy vigour which I cannot say I recognized as calling very directly to my native deeps, but which was enjoyable and was obviously being enjoyed. This much, then, can be said about the play's London reception. The danger with the commercial theatre, and the danger with the English imagination, is that both will pigeon-hole you if they can; *Birds in the Wilderness* escaped that fate.

That the task set it was not an impossible one is suggested by the success, last year, of the Australian *The Summer of the Seventeenth*

Doll—a success so remarkable that it seems to establish some canons of what Antipodean drama can and must achieve if it is to compel serious attention from an English audience and from the English imagination. *Seventeenth Doll* did two things. First, it transplanted a distinctively Australian physical and mental environment so convincingly that the English audience was compelled to inhabit it and enjoy the experience; and second, it presented in this local setting a universal theme, and did so validly enough to ensure that the local and the universal were successfully married to one another. This theme may be defined as the failure of certain people to go on any longer living in a way which they had found for years to be emotionally and imaginatively satisfying; the failure of a myth. And watching Ray Lawler's play, one realized that the failure of the imagination to sustain myth might well be the natural and predestined theme for Antipodean tragedy, and the problem of whether imaginatively satisfying ways of living can be kept up in modern society the problem through which Antipodean drama might communicate with the drama of the rest of the western world. It is a problem which we feel to be peculiarly our own, yet which we share with the teddy-boys of Moscow and the commuters of out-of-town New York.

Birds in the Wilderness is a farcical comedy; but it shares the theme which I have just tried to state. A young couple, Bernard and Juliet, have bought a ramshackle warehouse to live in; they have no idea why, except that they are tired of lodgings and leading desk-bound lives. There bursts in on their perplexity a long-lost friend, Jacko, a London Jew with a talent for living on his wits by creating situations of such weird and splendid fantasy that his victims find themselves, without quite knowing how, living in the way his fantasies dictate to them. He looks at the stacks of disused packing-cases, and says: 'Start a furniture factory!' They start a furniture factory, assisted by four lodgers they have acquired, Quangle-Wangle fashion—two Hungarian refugees, an ageing wrestler and a dumb blonde. At the opening of the second act nobody has discovered how to make furniture, and the first buyer is about to call. Jacko proceeds to stage an elaborate charade, with bells ringing, saws buzzing and typewriters clacking madly, designed to convince the buyer that he is in the presence of an active and successful concern. The buyer sees through the charade at a glance and explains to the discomfited antics just what they have been playing at. However, he has moved the ox to anger; the old wrestler, not hitherto noted for sensitivity to anything in particular, suddenly erupts and demands, with menaces, that the

buyer shall recognize a certain quality of courage and fun that these absurd doings possess, and even admit that they have something which his own life lacks. After a moment of tension the man capitulates, places an order and goes out muttering confusedly.

So far it can be said that the play holds together and has even progressed from farce to a play about the value of living farcically. Excellent; but for reasons once given by Aristotle, a play needs a third act and Mr Mason's, I am afraid, hasn't got one. At least, what takes place during it doesn't advance the play, in any way that I can see, beyond the point it has reached already. There is, it is true, an authentically moving speech in which the old Hungarian lady puts forward the idea that people are to be judged, very largely, by the quality of the comedy they succeed in creating around them. But however appealing this is, and however true to the business of living one finds it, the speech is no more than a verbalization of the general theme of the play and cannot by itself advance its action. And what else happens? The old wrestler has to be persuaded that he's past appearing in the ring and talked into running a boys' club instead; and the only way of keeping this occurrence interesting is for the dumb blonde to break her two-act silence and burst into a tirade designed to convince us, among other things, that she's a shy little girl from Te Kuiti at heart. It won't do, unfortunately; it doesn't bring these people to life as characters because it doesn't associate them sufficiently with what has hitherto given the play life. The original characters and their relationship to one another have by this time receded completely into the background; all we see of them is that Juliet is having a baby and thinks it time the whole joke ended, and that Jacko has decided it's time to move on. Surely there is just enough here to show that the relationship between Jacko and Bernard and Juliet is what the third act should have developed and used to complete the play—if the reading given here of Mr Mason's intentions is the correct one. His second-act curtain vindicates the right to live farcically and fantastically; shouldn't his third act have explored—perhaps by farcical and fantastic means—the question of what happens when you go on living like that? The world is full of Jackos, and being nature's Peter Pans they have no problems. The real problems, of this order, belong to those who are prepared to live creatively by living, if society compels them to, as fantastically as Jacko, but want to do it in the middle of society and not on society's outer fringes like Wandering Jews. When the play opens, Bernard and Juliet are presented as two such people; and their problem would ultimately have been how long they found it

tolerable to go on living on Jacko's terms and not on their own. Mr Mason could have struck almost any note, in the whole range from sweet to bitter, by the way in which he chose to deal with and answer this question; but instead he has allowed Bernard and Juliet to lapse into representatives of ordinary domesticity, and left his play to be carried on by the actions of secondary and rather sentimental figures. I apologize for rewriting his play for him; it would have mattered less that it reaches no satisfactory conclusion if it hadn't started and gone some way with such a promising idea.

RONALD TREMAIN

Auckland Festival Music

As in the past, the National Orchestra provided the major part of Auckland's Festival music this year—one lunch-hour concert, an all-Beethoven programme with the Alma Trio (*Triple Concerto, Leonora No. 3,* and the *Eroica*), and two others—including Nielsen's *Fifth Symphony* and Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* (with the Christchurch Harmonic Society). John Hopkins's sound musicianship has already produced a marked refinement in the Orchestra's playing, particularly noticeable in improved intonation and refinement of dynamics. *Leonora No. 3* was especially fine, as were the orgiastic splendours of *Belshazzar*—an exciting climax to the whole week. The Christchurch Harmonic Society still suffers from the cotton-wool tone of the oratorio tradition, and this affects their intonation and tonal incisiveness in soft passages. But on the whole they rose splendidly to the occasion, and Auckland is grateful to them. (This performance was however a lamentable commentary on our local choral singing. Cannot Auckland, the largest city in the country, muster a comparable choir for such occasions?)

In the same concert, Edwin Carr's *Night Music,* a work commissioned by the N.Z.B.S., was given its first performance. Immensely competent music this, with fresh and scintillating orchestral sounds. I hope we will hear it again soon. Mr Carr has developed tremendously during his ten years abroad, and it will be interesting to see what influence (if any) the New Zealand scene will exercise

on him. The policy of including a commissioned work in Festival programmes is an excellent one, and should be continued in future years. Most festivals abroad feature performances of new music. It was cheering to note the warmth of response to Stravinsky, Walton and Nielsen—a hint to the Festival organizers that contemporary works have indeed something of importance to communicate, and an encouragement to further adventurousness.

In the field of chamber music, the Alma Trio gave us a splendid Beethoven concert. This was authoritative playing, particularly in Rejto's account of the superb *Cello Sonata*, Op. 102. From the National Orchestra players we heard Schubert's *Octet*, and best of all, Walton's *Façade* and Stravinsky's *Soldier's Tale*, the latter in its original version, with narration and mime, produced by Ronald Barker. Here the juxtaposition of actors and orchestra on the stage proved a distraction to the eye. But the playing under John Hopkins was exemplary, and Russell Kerr's miming of the Devil a brilliant achievement.

Star personality glamour was provided in the person of Eileen Joyce, who gave two solo recitals, with programmes heavily weighted on the side of the romantic composers. One does not object to such preferences, provided the artist can recreate the works with a new intensity of vision. This Miss Joyce did not achieve. She is a performer *par excellence* of the miniature, but emotional rather than intellectual. Works requiring a sustained architectural sweep (e.g. Beethoven sonatas) are beyond her grasp.

Inia Te Wiata's three song recitals were compounded of operatic arias and ballads; a curious mixture for so experienced a singer. Again, one does not begrudge Mr Te Wiata the right to sing what suits him best. An artist however has a responsibility to his public. He should enlighten as well as entertain, educate as well as divert. Aural titivation is delectable in small doses, but it cannot constitute a permanent diet.

The local scene was represented by Roger Hollinrake (organ) and Keith Patterson (guitar) in one recital each, a concert by the Auckland String Players (with Malcolm Latchem as soloist), and a season of opera (*Bohême* and *Traviata*) by the Grand Opera Associates.

Much publicity has been accorded the opera performances. Now I do not wish to discourage the efforts of Mr Frank Poore and his associates. They have done and are doing much valuable work. But one must keep a sense of proportion. To advertise a performance as comparable to the best overseas standards is all very well; but the promise must be fulfilled. It was not. We saw a group of

enthusiastic amateurs; that is all. There are no doubt some promising voices, but this does not constitute fine operatic performance. Singers must be actors as well. And if they undertake to sing in Italian, every inflexion of the language must be mastered. Italian-as-she-is-spoke-by-the-Anglo-Saxon simply will not do. *La Bohême* is such a tear-jerker that it demands superlative orchestral playing to be convincing. Auckland simply does not have enough players of the calibre required. Opera is a great art; it should represent the peak of the musical profession. New Zealand does not yet have a full-time professional opera, and it cannot hope to have one until the establishment of a National Conservatorium, a permanent theatre, and an ample government subsidy. But these are larger issues and beyond the scope of this report.

The Festival has been praised for its diversity. In this it reflects both the public taste and the acumen of its organizers. It was however a diversity of quality as well as quantity. Festivals do not as a rule include recitals of piano pot-boilers and drawing-room ballads. Opera, one of the most refined of civilized pleasures, is a sophisticated medium requiring the highest professional skill. It will therefore be a pity if Auckland misses the opportunity of hearing *The Consul* or *Figaro* next year. In the meantime, we are grateful for the rich fare that the Festival has provided. And an attempt at more selective planning has already been made. The formation of an Advisory Panel consisting of eight professional people may augur well for future Festivals. But so far it has not been a success. It remains to be seen whether the professional advice given will be acted upon. But the executive machinery of the Festival is too unwieldy; too many wires get crossed. The ideal solution would be to appoint a full-time Artistic Director. Such a man would have to combine the shrewdness of a diplomat with acute business acumen and a wide knowledge of all the arts. Moreover, he would be able to plan well in advance, obtain the best artists from abroad, and generally make a Festival worthy of New Zealand's largest metropolis.

Failing this, the present organizers are met with a challenge. The firm establishment of the Festival, and its evident popularity, present the possibility, through discriminating planning, of moulding the tastes and enthusiasms of a public which is becoming increasingly aware of what music has to offer. Will they accept the challenge? Will they lead, or merely follow?

DESMOND MAHONEY

Opera in Auckland

THE dramatic emergence of large-scale opera in New Zealand, with the successful productions of *La Traviata* and *La Bohême* in Auckland, brings in its train a number of problems, problems of standards (particularly in production), status of singers and future development.

What Frank Poore has done in Auckland is to launch an almost wildly improbable venture and bring off a public success, even though a limited one artistically. The singing was generally good and the orchestra adequate in the 1957 season of *Traviata* (though not, alas, in the hasty revival at the latest Auckland Festival). In the Puccini there was not nearly sufficient depth or body in the orchestral part, perhaps fortunately for the singers. What Mr Poore has not done is give us in any sense professional opera, though glimmerings there were. Quite apart from the question of payment, by 'professional' I mean the ease and naturalness of execution which comes from long practice, enlightened instruction and deep insight into the work in hand. None of these factors has been available to Mr Poore and his company, so inevitably their work is not professional. A highly experienced listener, however, unhesitatingly called *Bohême* the best amateur opera he had ever seen.

Viewed from a box-office angle (and Mr Poore is a highly practical man) both productions were tremendously successful. Auckland is genuinely hungry for opera, the form of music which seems to appeal most to audiences here, though one suspects that the audiences in this city are more attracted by opera as a spectacle than concerned with the successful fusion of music and drama.

It seems certain beyond any reasonable doubt that grand opera can be sustained indefinitely on the basis of a season a year, allowing for gradual extension of the repertoire, with sufficient patrons guaranteed even at relatively high prices.

There are still many people in Auckland, people with overseas standards to guide them, who are writing down the achievement of the Auckland group. We were reminded by Joan Cross, however, that Sadler's Wells started twenty-five years ago on very much the same standard—if anything a lower one. The central fact is that a start has been made; there is something to build upon.

The building must be done in the first instance around the

standard works, until the immediate demand for opera is satisfied and audiences become more sophisticated. The cool reception of the New Zealand Opera Company's splendid (and professional) production of *The Medium* here last year showed clearly enough that the general public is not yet ready for works out of the usual run.

Given the feasibility of an annual season of opera, on what basis is it to be run, and to what standards? At the moment Mr Poore depends on principals and orchestra who receive some payment, and an amateur chorus. He plans to extend the range and amount of payment for principals, but to continue with amateur chorus, and he has good precedent.

The National Opera of Wales has done just this for a number of years past, and its amateur chorus is acknowledged to be among the finest, either professional or amateur, in Europe. In the long run, however, Mr Poore and his company would find themselves in the present situation of the Welsh company, which could and should now be completely professional, and is under pressure from Actors' Equity to turn professional. A subsidy of only £10,000 a year from the Arts Council is insufficient, even though assisted by generous support from local authorities, and there is a possibility of the company being disbanded.

For the present Mr Poore will certainly be able to carry on with his mixed company, but complete professionalism must be the ultimate aim, and the state and local authorities must be persuaded that opera in New Zealand should be much more heavily subsidized than now. Mr Poore has neither sought nor received a subsidy; the New Zealand Opera Company has had a small state subsidy.

Achievement of adequate standards is a matter for time, growth, and thoroughly professional production. So far the operas have been quite well sung, the orchestra has been adequate, sets and costumes passable—and production completely inadequate in both works, though some blame lies with performance in Italian, a language not understood by either singers or (presumably) producer, which resulted at times in ludicrous contrasts between words and actions. For the sake of both audience and cast a change should be made to English, despite all the prejudice against it on the part of people who find a phrase like 'Will you have a glass of water?' acceptable in Italian (because they don't understand it) and laughable in English.

Earlier translations of libretti tended to be too literal and stilted, but thanks to Edward Dent and others in the past thirty years, there are now English versions of many standard operas, which are

regularly used, for example, at Sadler's Wells. It is worth noting, too, that Igor Gorin, chosen recently by N.B.C. Opera in America as one whose English diction is impeccable (he is Ukrainian by birth), dismisses allegations that English is particularly difficult to sing. 'Why should it be?' he asks. 'Vocal chords do not know the differences between English and other languages.'

It is obvious that Mr Poore has no intention of plodding along at the present level. He quickly appreciated the necessity of a reasonable balance between orchestra and soloists and of a large (and good) orchestra to give the singers background with depth. It is also known that he is well aware of his own present limitations as a conductor, and is ready to hand over the baton to a more experienced man whenever one is available.

It was due to him that Joan Cross visited New Zealand, and in eight brief master-classes at Auckland Miss Cross opened up so many possibilities that I would expect the next opera to be at least fifty per cent better. If this can be followed up by the importation of a capable overseas producer (Miss Cross has said that she could nominate one without difficulty) I think it possible to approach professional standard in a brief time. Miss Cross herself was astonished at the rapidity with which her pupils at the master-classes grasped the points she made and put them into practice.

Time and experience could also make a tremendous difference to orchestral standards. The present orchestra is large enough for most operas short of Wagner, but lacking in finish and depth, points which could be remedied by experienced operatic conductors and by an increasing number of performances.

For the future there should be an adequate supply of both singers and instrumentalists, especially if students are encouraged to come back here after two or three years abroad. Auckland produces a number of good singers with sound basic training, and through the Junior Symphony Orchestra and the infant University School of Music a reservoir of players is being formed. Even more important is the possible formation of a professional thirty to forty piece orchestra.

To me it would be a shocking indictment of this country if a venture started with such courage and rewarded with such early success should be allowed to wither away. There is more than the Auckland venture involved, for the much longer-established New Zealand Opera Company also comes into the picture.

Helped by the availability of the National Orchestra, and aiming at a professional standard from the beginning, Donald Munro's Wellington company has done remarkably well. But because its

productions have been on a less ambitious scale, less spectacular than those of Mr Poore, it has not captured the public imagination in the same way as the much less finished Auckland productions. Its policy of making haste slowly has created a reservoir of experience and professional standards which are much too valuable to lose, just as are the flair and business management of Mr Poore.

At the time of writing the answer seems obvious, that the companies should enter into an arrangement which would give New Zealand the best of both. The country is not large enough for competition, and we would suffer a heavy artistic loss if either disappeared. A measure of collaboration appears the most desirable arrangement. With one company based on Auckland and the other on Wellington, it should be possible to assemble orchestra and chorus in each centre for the same productions, leaving only principals, costumes and parts of sets to be carried from one to the other. *Bohême* and *Traviata* could be staged readily in Wellington, *The Marriage of Figaro* in Auckland. Such a collaboration could lead swiftly to the goal of a true national opera; nothing less will suffice.

One thing is now evident, that New Zealand can look forward to several years of opera in which rising standards can be expected and for which there will be sufficient public support to enable it to pay its way. In the long term the problem familiar to the rest of the English-speaking world—lack of state support—will raise itself, and the means will have to be found of establishing opera permanently and professionally, largely from our own resources. It is a fine prospect, and one worth all the time and energy being expended on it.

J. M. THOMSON

New Music in Wellington

ISOLATION is a dangerous word, but when discussing New Zealand composers it is appropriate. In the past, they must have had the greatest difficulty in keeping in touch with their audiences. New works made a slight ruffle on the national consciousness and then appeared to sink beneath the waves. Happily, this discontinuity, so harmful to the development of music, is changing. The N.Z.B.S., the most important single organization, is beginning to present New Zealand compositions at suitable intervals so that the works can be absorbed and their worth assessed. In this process the best will eventually remain, to form the nucleus of a tradition. Younger composers will have a starting place or a place to revolt from. There does not appear to be any need for the introduction of a quota system, an artificial means of stimulation which in Australia, for example, has had only moderate success. It is much better to achieve the same end by an intelligent and lively understanding of the situation. In the meantime new works appear, and their quality strengthens a feeling that the time will soon be ripe for a critical estimate of New Zealand music and a signposting of the ground that has been covered so far.

The International Society for Contemporary Music, New Zealand Section, more than justified its existence by including in its programme in Wellington on Sunday 22 June, as well as Bartok's *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion*, 1937, and Constant Lambert's *Sonata for Pianoforte*, 1928, two new works which by now should have been heard up and down the country—Edwin Carr's *Prelude: Three Dances and Epilogue* for two pianos, played by Gwyneth Brown and David Farquhar; and Douglas Lilburn's *Wind Quintet*, played by James Hopkinson (flute), Norman Booth (oboe), Frank Gurr (clarinet), Peter Glen (horn) and Peter Musson (bassoon)—members of the New Zealand Wind Ensemble. Edwin Carr has a spirited musical intelligence and his vigorous ballet music cried out for physical expression of its leaping rhythms. It has proved extremely successful in the theatre. During his ten years overseas Edwin Carr's compositions have included a Viola Concerto, a Symphony for String Orchestra, a Blake Cantata, a String Quartet, ballet music, a piano sonata and *Night Music*, performed at the Auckland Festival. The N.Z.B.S. has now commissioned a Piano

Concerto from him and this should prove a valuable help in deciding his orientation as a composer.

With a great revival of wind playing now taking place, those composers who succumb to the players' anguished appeal 'Write us some music', must wonder what kind of music to write. With the sophisticated wit of the French to consider, the rich sonorities of a German like Hindemith, the pastoral serenadings of the English, they can still try to break new ground unless they fall back on diversions in the back bar parlour. Mr Lilburn's Quintet, his first work for wind alone, took a path of its own. It led the listener into a world of tone colour with its own distinctive atmosphere, unmistakably belonging to this part of the world. It was of interest to discover later that a Gauguin painting of a Pacific Island beach scene had been one point of departure for the composer.

The work is in three movements—*Allegro; Andante con moto ma flessibile; Allegro*. It lasts about twelve minutes. The warm tones of the clarinet set the scene and throughout Mr Lilburn shows skill in selecting the colours he requires. The oboe, for instance, does not cast shadows where they are not needed. The composer avoids the temptations he has given way to on previous occasions, to bring the musical structure precipitately to earth, or to step on the heels of a phrase. Here the phrases have their own momentum and shape themselves naturally. In the last movement however, they assume a square cut shape, which confines the music to a brittle mood where some change is needed, such as a flash of lightning. An extension of the range of the instruments, upwards and downwards, might also have given more flexibility.

With such long gaps between performances it is difficult to tell whether a composer has advanced, is in a transition phase, or is stationary. The *Birthday Offering*, Mr Lilburn's last work, was complex, more fragmentary and after an arresting opening the music slumbered. It had all the signs of being a transitional work. Here he seems to be entering new territory and his success in a very difficult medium leads one to hope that this may be followed by further explorations in the realm of wind music and in the smaller combinations of wind and strings generally.

Reviews

SPINSTER. Sylvia Ashton-Warner. *Secker and Warburg.* 18s.

YEARS AGO a public servant, chatting to me about his staff problems, said of one woman, near retiring age: 'When Miss X is difficult, I always try to remember that she has put into this job all the feeling and devotion that ought to have been spent on a husband and about six kids.' At the time I felt uneasy about this remark, which seemed to smack of male superiority, and wondered whether it was based on genuine insight or was merely a cliché. But here is Sylvia Ashton-Warner showing us, from the inside, a woman who is quite conscious of doing her work in just this spirit. And Miss Ashton-Warner is certainly not cliché-ridden.

'There's so much to do and life looks short from my age. For here, quietly giving itself birth, right under my nose and without my having anticipated it, is my dream infant-room . . . .

'Am I so irremediably senile? Do I not breed too? True, my disappointed person clamours for its right to fulfilment but could a birth from the body possibly engender anything like this radiance of the mind? How can any photo beneath a mattress, any physical meeting with a male, compare with an engagement like this?

'Voluptuous tears.'

It is, it seems, matter for tears as well as for ecstasy. And this for two reasons. Intensely absorbed as she is in her work, Miss Ashton-Warner's heroine is never quite sure that it is not for her, after all, a substitute, a second best. And then, whether in spite or because of the intense emotion she throws into her work, she is not a conventionally successful teacher. Inspectors have never thought much of her work, and her grading marks are poor. So she feels that she is a double failure. And to feel that one is a failure is, in our culture, to feel guilt. She is well aware of this double burden. Her best times are those of which she can say: 'There occur long hours when I don't know the presence of Guilt in my teaching and short ones released from men.'

All this is revealed to the reader in the first person, in a kind of diary. Events happen and are recorded. Some of them are quite exciting events—a schoolgirl's pregnancy, a suicide. But the general effect is not of narrative, but of an almost hysterical monologue. The style is, in both senses of the word, overwrought, no doubt intentionally, since the central character is in an overwrought condition. The prose is heavily rhythmical, and, in the more emotional passages, passes over into rhymed couplets or quatrains—a transition which does not give the reader the shock one might expect, even when he runs into sixteen lines of verse on end. It is

all about as different as it could be from the plodding prose in which one somehow expects an account of life in the infant room of a country school to be written. One may have reservations about individual passages, but the general effect is undoubtedly successful.

'In Anna', the blurb tells us, 'Sylvia Ashton-Warner has created one of the most subtly drawn characters of modern fiction.' No doubt this is over-praise; but the characterization of Anna is, by any standards, an impressive achievement. Anna needing to brace herself with brandy before she can face a morning at school—or perhaps it is before she can face the delphiniums in her garden ('They make me think of men. The way they bloom so hotly in the summer, then die right out of sight in the winter, only to push up mercilessly again when the growth starts, is like my memory of love.'). Anna nevertheless deliriously happy amid the chaos of her infant class:

'The infant room rocks along like a dinghy in a storm. It nearly always has a boy in it practising on the piano, a girl dressmaking, someone looking out the window, someone looking in the window, some children sitting on top of their small tables doing their work for lack of room on the floor, several dancing if I happen to be playing and dozens of infants talking and working and playing and laughing and crying and embracing and quarrelling and singing and making.'

Anna, who, as she says, has 'a poetic sentimental heart instead of brains', so that when she tries to put her educational theory into words, she can only produce the usual woolly catchwords like 'dynamic' or 'creative' or 'deep breathing of the mind'; but who does understand children all the same, because she is herself at bottom 'a five-year old with long legs'. Anna fretting for the summer holidays to end because 'my arms have become itchy on the inside to hold children. From the wrists on the inner side along the skin right up to the shoulders and across the breast I know a physical discomfort. If ever flesh spoke, mine does; for the communion of hands, the arms stretching round my waist and black heads bumping my breasts . . . The truth is that I am enslaved. I'm enslaved in one vast love affair with seventy children.'

All this adds up to a recognizable human being. It is true that the reader is occasionally bored by some of her outpourings and irritated by her mawkish habit of nearly always calling children 'little ones', but then Anna in real life would certainly be irritating, and sometimes boring.

The other characters are much less successful. Their shadowiness may be, in part, deliberate: to Anna, in her intense self-absorption, none of the people round her are very real, except the Maori schoolchildren, and they alone (apart from Anna herself) come to life in the novel. But this explanation is not wholly adequate. It might explain why the headmaster or the inspector are never more than

vaguely benign father-figures, but it would not account for Paul, the young teacher with whom Anna has a mild love-affair (though the accompanying emotions are hardly mild). Paul is, we are given to understand, even more beset by emotional storms than Anna herself; but it is very hard to believe in them or in him.

There are several misprints, such as 'iridescent hell' as a gloss on *paua* (p.162).

D. H. Monro

I'LL SOLDIER NO MORE. M. K. Joseph. *Victor Gollancz and Paul's Book Arcade.* 16s. 6d.

ON THE surface, *I'll Soldier No More* is the story of three men and their war. The prologue describes the suicide in occupied Germany of one of the three, Johnny Clarke, who with the others has been waiting to be demobilized. Then time is rolled back to 1940, when Johnny first joined up. The years pass; first Harry Gillies and later Peter Bonham are added to his unit, with other men who have been mentioned in the prologue. We follow them through the long period of training and service in England, when their lives are still more or less closely connected with those of wives, mistresses and mothers; then to France in 1944 as part of an air-observation unit, where they advance slowly, never in the front of battle, through Belgium and Holland and into Germany. There peace gradually disunites them, so that long before their actual demobilization the compact corporate life of the Flight has disintegrated.

At this level the book is very good. While the method of narration by way of a series of short episodes, few of them more than two or three pages long, has disadvantages, it presents a vivid picture of army life in something the same way as a documentary film might, and with the same sort of conviction. The separate episodes convince—Johnny making a mess of target practice, Gillies with his girl in London while the bombs fall near by, Bonham listening silently, like a psychiatrist or a priest, while a young Canadian airman tells of his misery. And the sequence is convincing. At first the prevailing feeling embodied in the scene is the incomprehension and boredom of recruits. Then army life is fully accepted by most of the men, evenings can be spent in cheerful pubs, leave at home with families, and the job, once learned, is not so very different from any other job. With the invasion of France there is a concentration of interest. Events move more quickly towards a desired end, a few men of the Flight are killed, the unit is tightly bound together, bent on a common purpose. Finally, the purpose achieved, the community of interest is dissipated and individual character has more play. So Bonham remains himself, steadfast and devout; Gillies gets involved in black-marketing; and Johnny drifts

towards a state of mind where he can decide nothing about his future, except to have no future at all.

Great skill is shown in focussing the reader's attention on significant detail of landscape, weather, and the various settings in which the action takes place. The tremendous importance of physical conditions like food and sleeping-quarters is made clear. What emerges is an authentic experience of one kind of war. Not particularly exciting or even frightening, an occupation for decent ordinary men, a life where for the most part ordinary civilized standards of behaviour prevail. A little heroism, a certain amount of courage, a general acceptance of not too bad conditions. Some swearing, drunkenness and fornication, but not a great deal. Even looting is subject to the universal control of law. To Johnny, scared of the night-bombing, the days in Normandy 'were peaceful, almost like a boy scout camp in summer'. Only occasionally, as when Gillies is going from Germany on leave, is there a vision of the monstrous in their experience; he looks unthinkingly at the devastated landscape and suddenly sees it as 'strange. Not normal. A war landscape as fantastic as the moon. Yet we grow used to it, and I didn't really see it till now. And on Sunday I shall be in London.' An unemphatic and powerful comment on man's life-saving, death-dealing power of adaptability.

But the book succeeds better in presenting the war than in presenting the three men. This is not surprising, for it is essential to the author's intention that they should be ordinary men. The result is three stereotypes. Johnny is an only child, with a father who dies young, a dominating mother and an unfaithful wife. He is, as Bonham says, 'the kind of man bad things happen to, because he's nothing to defend himself with'. When his mother dies, his last refuge is gone; then he forgets an order which might have saved the life of the officer he most admires. The inevitability of his suicide is emphasized by the event being described in the prologue, but in spite of sensitive description of his fears and irresolution there is something contrived and mechanical about it. It is the end of a psychiatric 'case' rather than of a human being.

Similarly, Gillies is the best type of ordinary sensual man. He is active, efficient, equable. 'Quite admirable in his own way: practical and good-tempered, plenty of experience, a literate mind. Has no beliefs and seems to get on all right without them', is how Bonham describes him. And Bonham, the good Roman Catholic, happily married, almost too well-adjusted, is seen through Gillies's eyes as 'a school-teacher solemnly playing at soldiers, and doing as well as most', 'really a happy man'. Since all three are men of some education their speech distinguishes them little, for Mr Joseph has not been tempted to give the language of Gillies, the New Zealander, the kind of bogus authenticity that comes from a sprinkling of words like 'joker' and 'crook'. More sharply distin-

guished is the speech of the less important figures—the lead-swinger, the malingerer, the sergeant of military police, the grubby cook—who are successfully presented as types rather than as individuals. But there is too little individuality and no development in the main characters.

And the same seems true of the views of life vindicated by Gillies and Bonham. Gillies and the girl he ultimately marries know at least that happiness is not to be won by making it the main object of life, while for Bonham the good life is lived for the sake of God. These fortifying convictions, however, do not seem to emerge from or be affected by the war, and are no more subject to change and growth than their characters. The effect is of beliefs already determined before the book begins.

It may be that to present the three main characters and their beliefs in this static way is essential to the meaning of the book, which is that the infinitely complicated series of events which we call a war does not change men, but shows them more clearly as what they are. So Bonham in the epilogue says, 'I've learnt a lot about people in the Army. I don't mean war's a good thing, but it does test people. It shakes them loose from their habits, I mean—shows what's inside.' The reader, like the soldiers, learns more about people already formed before the war began; but this precludes the special and deeper satisfaction to be gained from watching the change and growth of human character.

Margaret Dalziel

THE GOD BOY. Ian Cross. *André Deutsch.* 12s. 6d.

CONTRARY to the common assumption, T. S. Eliot somewhere asserts, the truly gifted writer begins not by attempting the grandiose or the over-ambitious but with some work that lies well within the range of his capacities. If that is so, then Mr Cross in his first appearance as a novelist justifies the highest expectations. He shows complete mastery of his carefully limited material; never—or scarcely ever—does he put a foot wrong.

The story of *The God Boy* is simple enough, the kind of 'case' which, in its sensational aspect, might take up half a column of the daily newspaper or, embellished with photographs, fill a page in *Truth*. Jimmy Sullivan, a child of eleven, lives in the small seaside town of Raggleton. He is a normal healthy boy who is good at lessons, good at games, and gets on well with his classmates and reasonably well with his teachers, the nuns of the local convent. His only serious worries are caused by the differences between his parents. In spite of small frailties (the father drinks and is given to boasting, the mother nags and is house-proud), they too are normal nice people—that is while they are apart. For when they

come together their mutual hatred flares up and inevitably Jimmy becomes involved. The last and fatal quarrel is touched off by the father's gift of a bicycle to Jimmy. In a scene that is left to the imagination, Mrs Sullivan kills her husband, and as she goes to prison, he is sent off to a Catholic orphanage.

Such in bare outline is the grim little story that Mr Cross unfolds with compassionate insight and a mitigating humour. The narrator is Jimmy himself, but with one of those touches of unobtrusive artistry that recur throughout the book, he is two years older than at the time of the murder; he has now become 'tough' and no longer 'cares'. So the events are presented in a kind of double perspective which sets them at a distance and at the same time shows up their results.

Regarded merely from the elementary point of view of character creation, the novel is a very notable achievement. Through the eyes of Jimmy, the actors take shape with an almost palpable reality; and this is true not only of the principal figures—the boy's parents, his sister, his old friend Bloody Jack—but also of those who make fleeting appearances, the police woman, for instance, or the aged nun at the close of the novel or the monstrous abortionist, a latter-day and local Sairey Gamp. Indeed, there is something Dickensian in Mr Cross's extraordinary sensitiveness to physical appearances and impressions; only the future can show whether this is part of his equipment as a novelist or whether it is assumed on the present occasion as an attribute of his narrator.

The greatest feat of characterization is undoubtedly in the rendering of the small protagonist himself. In a literature abounding with studies of childhood there is none that is fuller or more convincing and none perhaps that owes less to retrospective idealization. Jimmy Sullivan is firmly based on the present, his games, his day-dreams, his imagery all derived from the post war world. Hence it is natural that we should interpret his situation in contemporary terms. As we close the novel, the question arises (in tribute to the power of Mr Cross's illusion): 'And what is to become of Jimmy?' Temperament will probably dictate the answer. The more hopeful reader, following the publisher's lead, may believe that through force of character he will finally 'win through'. The pessimist will see his future plainly foreshadowed in the outbreak of violence on the afternoon preceding the murder. In a community burdened with the problem of youthful wrong-doing, it is a pity *The God Boy* could not circulate as widely as the Mazengarb report.

The novel may thus be taken as a highly relevant comment on a social issue of our day. But to cease there would be to ignore Mr Cross's title and the profounder part of his meaning. With magnificent audacity, he has placed at the core of his drama one of the central questions of religious experience. 'Why has God done

this to me?' asks Jimmy, as he looks back over the past. 'Why this blow from the All-wise, All-powerful?' And the sense of injustice is the more acute because in a moment of revelation he had seen God in the class-room and counted himself among the chosen—a God boy. The treatment of this theme carries complete conviction. Jimmy's quarrel with God is the logical outcome of character and circumstance, and it is presented throughout strictly in terms of the child's perceptions. So Mr Cross has explored what is, at least in this country, virgin territory, and with his small Promethean hero he has introduced to our literature a note of authentic tragedy.

In stressing its serious implications, I may have given the impression that *The God Boy* is a solemn and ponderous affair. I should be failing in my duty if I did not emphasize that, on the contrary, it is moving, exciting, amusing—superlatively *readable*. A further reviewer's duty is presumably not complete unless I point out where, in my opinion, the author's steps have faltered. The lapses are few, and I mention them tentatively: Is 'Raggleton' quite in keeping with the tone of the book, and, if 'Castlecliff' was impossible, could some less facetious name not have been invented? Isn't 'lupins' preferable to the slightly archaic and somehow exotic 'lupines'? Even granting the license Mr Cross has legitimately claimed for himself, would that horribly unctuous phrase 'by and large' occur in the vocabulary of a thirteen-year old boy?

E. H. McCormick

THE ORIGINS OF THE MAORI WARS. Keith Sinclair. *New Zealand University Press.* 26s. 6d.

'THE WAR', said Wetini Taiporutu, 'is not merely a contention for the land at New Plymouth, but for the chieftainship of New Zealand.' With this declaration the old chief began a controversy that has continued until today. The cause of the struggle which began in Taranaki in 1860 and which went on for ten years to rack the North Island, cripple the government and nearly split the colony, could never again be so simply defined. The argument broke out as soon as the war itself, and at times raged a good deal more fiercely. It was praised as a war of civilization and condemned as a war of greed. Some thought it a protest against injustice and others a wilful rebellion; the government was alternately attacked for having started it and denounced for not getting on with it. The extremists on both sides hoped it would be a war of extermination. It was all very confusing, and unfortunately the confusion was in no way checked by the end of hostilities. Ever since, the causes and origins of the Maori wars—the greatest disaster in the country's short lifetime—have been pored over with a morbid fascination;

in pamphlet and in newspaper, in a bulky collection of polemic literature which began in 1861 and ended (if indeed it has ended) as recently as 1947. They have been subjected to searching scrutinies by Select Committees, Royal Commissions, judges and journalists, even by an ex-Minister of Finance. About the only thing this important historical problem had not received, indeed, is investigation by a good historian.

Fortunately this omission has now been rectified. Dr Sinclair, in what may very possibly be the best monograph yet written on New Zealand history, grapples firmly with the massive controversy. He emerges with an answer which is at once more complicated and considerably less comforting than Wetini's. The wars may have become indirectly a fight for sovereignty between King (Maori) and Queen (Victoria), but they began unromantically enough in a clash over land—the invariable point of friction between colonizing Europeans and aboriginal inhabitants. Land and sovereignty, Dr Sinclair argues, were inextricably connected. A situation where the settlers had the sovereignty and the Maoris had the land was bound to be dangerous: the former would be constantly tempted to use their political and military power to despoil the latter.

To do the British Government justice, it recognized the difficulty. Anxious to protect the Maoris from a fate which seemed to be overtaking the natives in all other European settlements, it hoped to solve the problem by confiding the sovereignty, not to untrustworthy colonists, but to a Governor who could stand above and between, reconciling the interests of both races. For twenty years after the signing of the treaty of Waitangi the Governor, and theoretically the Governor alone, controlled native policy. The result was not encouraging. When it rose above mere temporizing —for inevitably Governors tended to be satisfied simply with preventing any fighting—the native policy of these years was confined to good intentions. Promising plans for a gradual integration of the races were almost nullified by imperfect execution—the result of lack of money, lack of understanding, lack of staff, and lack of interest.

Dr Sinclair, however, avoids the pitfall of supposing that this mattered much. The succession of schemes and policies, Native Councils and Native Courts, had surprisingly little bearing on whether a clash could be avoided or not. The political origins of the war can be overstressed; the main causes lay beyond the reach of government. The numerical inferiority of the settlers, and the disorganization of the Maoris in the face of a European influx, contributed more to the uneasy peace of the early years than all the policy-making of successive Governors. The colony was not necessarily wise because its head was Grey. As growing settlement threw them into increasing contact, as the pressure for land swelled, and as settlers and Maoris found themselves in economic

rivalry farming for the goldfields market in Australia, the first signs of resentment and discontent began to appear on both sides. Then the rather self-conscious humanitarianism of British Governors could prevail little. Perhaps Dr Sinclair is stretching his evidence somewhat when he quotes the crudest anti-native propaganda which appeared in the most violent newspapers, and then describes it as 'the views of the majority of Europeans'. It may be so, but it is impossible to prove. Nor is it safe to discount the views of 'thinking men' who, he tells us, read such papers with disgust, for it was precisely these thinking men who had most influence in the government. But there can be no questioning Dr Sinclair's main point that innumerable frictions, squabbles, and misunderstandings of each other's ways built up in the minds of either race a stock concept of the other—the shiftless savage and the greedy settler, the sort of stereotypes over which people will fight. 'The war began in the minds of many men of both races long before it occurred in the fields and bush.'

Was war therefore inevitable? Dr Sinclair seems to think so, and he is in good company. Sir Frederic Rogers of the Colonial Office (Dr Sinclair follows the illustrious but rather lonely example of Earl Granville in persistently calling him Sir Frederick) turned his thoughts again in later life to New Zealand. In the light of experience he concluded sadly that native races in temperate climates were always doomed to extinction by Anglo-Saxon settlers, and drew some comfort from the thought that the Maoris had had History as well as a considerable array of generals against them. But a claim of inevitability, though consoling, is too easy. Whatever might have happened in the long run, there was nothing inevitable about the clash which occurred in 1860. War broke out in that year for an exceedingly simple reason: because the Governor who was supposed to mediate and intercede between the races, instead allied himself and the Imperial troops he commanded with the land-desperate settlers of Taranaki. For the first time it made a war for land physically possible.

The conduct of those who were responsible for this disastrous situation is carefully examined by Dr Sinclair in some of his best passages. He seems chiefly to censure the Governor, Sir Thomas Gore Browne (whose character is revealed with unhappy clarity in an accompanying photograph), for assuming control of native affairs in 1855 when he was in fact quite incompetent to do so. Gore Browne's reservation of native policy may have been unfortunate, however, but it was not his fault. The Imperial Government made it abundantly clear at this time that while it bore the burden of defending the colony it could never yield control of native policy—so closely affecting defence—to colonial ministers. The error in the Imperial reasoning lay in assuming too readily that this control would be safer with the Governor. Dr Sinclair is more

charitable about Gore Browne's consent to the Waitara purchase (the immediate cause of war in Taranaki), holding justifiably that the Governor's main fault was misunderstanding, a very humanitarian combination of good intentions and ignorance. Donald McLean is less easily exonerated from moral blame. Perhaps Dr Sinclair underestimates the good faith of the land purchase negotiations; there is a certain amount of evidence to suggest that so disorganized had the Atiawa tribe become that the existence of a chiefly authority to forbid land sales was seriously in doubt, and had in fact never been recognized by either Fitzroy or Grey. Nevertheless, this still leaves McLean in a rather ambiguous position, manoeuvring obscurely between a trustful Governor and an equally trustful Ministry.

In the course of his account Dr Sinclair manages to lay some vigorous old ghosts. They have almost all been laid before at one time or another, but this time they will very probably remain so. The Land League, that mythical Maori trade union, disappears (it is to be hoped forever) from New Zealand historiography. And he makes it painfully clear that the 'purchase' of the Waitara block from the Maoris can no longer be regarded, even hopefully, as just. He is right; it is time this was said, and in such firm and incontrovertible tones. Only his final chapters on the extension of the war to the Waikato seem inconclusive and somewhat anti-climactic; they either repeat what has already been said, or raise entirely new questions which have to be left unanswered; they might have been better omitted.

Yet every chapter shows its author's distinctive virtues: the alertly-argued style, the balanced judgment, the clarity of exposition, the flashes of a slightly sardonic wit. Indeed the only traces of the book's doctoral origins are to be found in the accuracy of its documentation. Dr Sinclair has now strayed off to more enticing pastures later in the century, but it is impossible not to regret that he has not given in a second volume a discussion of the wars as good as his analysis of their origins. With this book the writing of New Zealand history emerges a little further from its anecdotage: for the first time a large and difficult problem is dissected by one who mixes industry and insight in proportions as rare today among historians as they are among anyone else. It is all the more pity, therefore, that the printing and binding should be unworthy of so important a book.

Gerald Hensley

Correspondence

SIR: The year 1961 marks the centenary of the Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore. The University of Visva Bharati, which originated in Tagore's school at Santiniketan, plans to hold an exhibition to mark the occasion, and the New Zealand National Commission for Unesco has undertaken to assist in gathering material for this purpose. The organizers of the exhibition are anxious to obtain on loan letters written by Tagore, articles which have appeared in periodicals on him or his work, theses, photographs, MSS or any other similar material related to the poet's life and work. Photographed copies would be quite acceptable and the National Commission would be prepared to arrange for copies to be made and would of course ensure that the greatest care was taken to see that the originals were not damaged in any way. I wonder if you would allow me, through your journal, to ask any reader who is fortunate enough to possess material associated with Tagore to write to me?

Alex. Campbell
Secretary
National Commission for Unesco
Department of Education
Wellington

SIR: Mr Joseph's standards of comment are so consistently high that one is shocked by even a momentary lapse, as in *Landfall* 46, p.184. Possibly Jeffrey may now be written off as a critical failure (though I have some doubts). Of Dennis I have no first-hand knowledge. But Leavis? Since Dr Leavis still lives and writes, the judgment seems somewhat premature. And is it just? Looking at the long row of Dr Leavis's critical works and reflecting on their immense influence (so rarely acknowledged), one can merely comment, 'If this is failure, then what is success?' As for manners, admittedly Dr Leavis might have been politer in trouncing his professional superiors and social betters. But does an occasional personal asperity invalidate a whole critical *corpus*? Personally, I both envy and admire Dr Leavis for his courageous refusal to hedge or compromise, and I am inclined to think that an excess of manners is the bane of critical writing in contemporary Britain—as also in contemporary New Zealand.

E. H. McCormick

NEW CONTRIBUTORS

David P. Ausubel. Born in Brooklyn, New York, 1918. Graduated B.A. at the University of Pennsylvania, M.A. in Psychology and Ph.D. in Educational Psychology at Columbia University, and M.D. at Brandeis University. Has practised as a private physician; with the U.S. Public Health Service under U.N.R.R.A. in Germany and in Guatemala and Nicaragua; as a Psychiatric Resident in hospitals in the U.S. Since 1955, Professor of Educational Psychology in the University of Illinois, Bureau of Educational Research. Visiting Fulbright Research Professor, Department of Psychology, Victoria University, Wellington, 1957-8. Author of several books on problems of psychology and education.

George Eiby. Professional geophysicist. Born 1918, educated at Wellington College and Victoria University College. M.Sc., F.R.A.S. Member of Seismological Society of America and other scientific societies. Author of papers dealing with the structure of the earth's crust and the forces acting upon it, and of a popular account of seismology published in Britain and U.S.A. Believes strongly in the duty of scientists to interpret their work to the intelligent public. Honorary lecturer at the Carter Observatory, editor to the Royal Astronomical Society of N.Z. Hobbies include theatre design and production. Claims to be authority on history of stagecraft, theatre buildings and machinery.

R. J. Harrison. Born in London 1927. B.A. (De Pauw), B.Sc. (London). In 1954-6 he was lecturing at Ohio State University, and since June 1957 has been Lecturer in Political Science at Victoria University, Wellington.

Gerald Hensley. Born in Christchurch, 1935. Graduated from the University of Canterbury with first class honours in history, writing a thesis on *The Crisis over the Withdrawal of Imperial Troops from N.Z. 1864-1870.* Is now working on Vol. II of the Canterbury Centennial History, and at the end of this year is to enter the Department of External Affairs.

Ronald Tremain. Born in Feilding, 1923. Studied at the Royal College of Music, London, 1949-52 (Composition, Piano, Conducting). Italian Government Bursary to Rome for Composition, 1953. Returned to N.Z. last year. Now Lecturer in Music, University of Auckland.

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